VOL. CCXVIII, No. 2842
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JULY 31, 1954

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All buttoned up

"WHY is a gaiter like a bottle of Guinness?" the Mad Hatter asked suddenly.

"You ought to know there's nothing like a Guinness," Alice said severely. "You shouldn't ask riddles that have no possible answer."

"But there *is* an answer," said the March Hare. "You use a button-hook on both."

"Dear me!" Alice exclaimed. "It must be very difficult to open a bottle of Guinness with a button-hook."

"It is," said the Hatter. "*Very* difficult."

"You have to be *very* strong," said the March Hare.

"And we can't be strong till we've had the Guinness, you know," the Hatter concluded. "Can you wonder we're mad?"

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

Copies of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10.

G.E. 2185

Volume CCXVIII No. 2842

The SPHERE, London, July 31, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

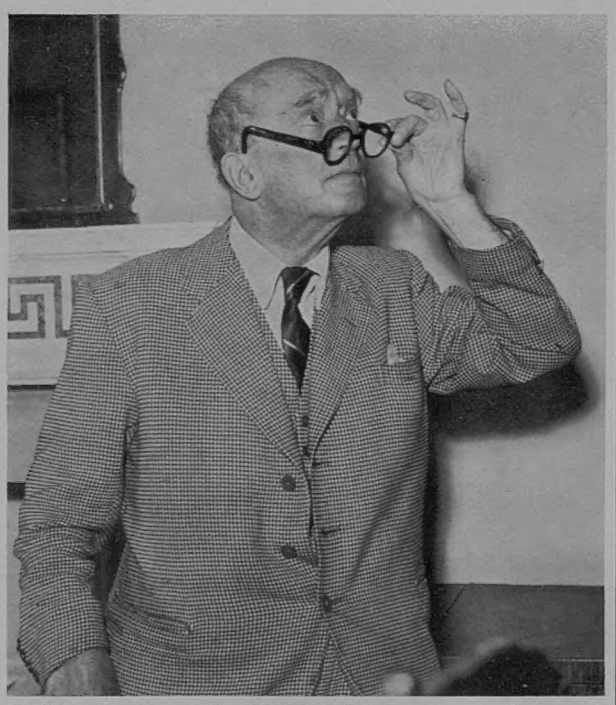
THE QUEEN PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS—A STIRRING CEREMONY AT WROUGHTON AIRFIELD, NEAR SWINDON : The Queen, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, went to Swindon last week to present new Colours to the 1st, 2nd and 4th (T.A.) Battalions of the regiment ; she was accompanied by Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Stockwell, Colonel of the regiment. About 300 men from each battalion, and 200 old comrades, were in the parade.

Three battalions of the Royal Welch Fusiliers were drawn up last week at Wroughton Airfield in review order on the main runway ; before presenting them with their new Colours, the Queen drove along their ranks in a Land-Rover to inspect them. Then the old Colours were marched off. Only two of the battalions on parade carried their old Colours : the 1st, whose Colours were presented in 1880 by King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, and the 4th, who received theirs from Edward VII in 1909, a year after their formation. Those of the 2nd Battalion are laid up in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle as part of the regiment's memorial to King George VI, their old Colonel-in-Chief ; they were presented to the battalion at Malta in 1859, and were last carried on parade at the Coronation. The new Colours were consecrated by the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Canon V. J. Pike, the prayer of consecration being followed by the Regimental Collect and a prayer in Welsh. Then the Queen handed over the Colours, which had been draped over the drums of the 2nd Battalion, to the six young ensigns kneeling before her.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

AN AUCTION OF ANTIQUES IN SCOTLAND

SOME OF THE PIECES WHICH WERE OFFERED AT THE AUCTION HELD AT FORNETHY HOUSE, NEAR ALYTH, IN PERTHSHIRE: Mr. R. J. Webb, an Aberdeen dealer, is seen examining a collection of Dresden figures, for which he paid £1,700 at the sale. All the articles for auction, which included antique furniture, old and modern silver, Persian carpets and books, belonged to the late Mrs. Lilian Coates, a member of the well-known Paisley thread family. Lasting for five days, the auction, which was attended by collectors and dealers from all over Britain, realised £30,000. On the last day £2,000 was realised.



TAKING A GOOD LOOK BEFORE BUYING: Mr. H. Thorogood is seen examining a painting which was among the effects auctioned at Fornethy House. He comes from London.

EXAMINING A LOUIS QUINZE CLOCK: The three dealers seen looking at the clock, one of the many antiques auctioned, are, from left to right, Mr. W. Bedford, from London, Mrs. C. Angell and Mr. N. Ayer, both from Bath.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Dark Horse.—When first M. Mendès-France announced his gamble and time-limit, I thought he was backing a rank outsider. He pulled it off at the winning-post, and I must adjust my opinions of his state of mind when he made the bet. He must have known what Frenchmen would stand in loss of face and loss of territory if by any means the wound in France's side after eight years of bleeding in Indo-China could be staunched; and he must have known, what was not common knowledge a month ago, that China was prepared to give a gesture of moderation to attain her ends peacefully and to save France's face, and that America would make a gesture of compromise to achieve an end all the more urgent if the European impasse is to be resolved her way. But the horse that brought off M. Mendès-France's gamble is still a rank plater, an ugly, untrustworthy horse. What is termed regrouping is stark partition, and all the rich northern region, with Hanoi (which has cost so dear) and Haiphong, goes into the Communist bag for years to come, with no certainty that free elections, if and when held, will not bring Ho Chi Minh into complete power. There are brighter points. It may be a proof that neither Russia nor China dare yet to cross the Rubicon of World War III. It may be a welcome sign that China does not mean to be Russia's puppet. It is certain that Mr. Eden's talks with Chou En-lai have given him a better understanding of Communist China and Chou En-lai a more reliable and first-hand knowledge of British decency and sincerity in our efforts for world peace, and of our difficulties also. It is a breathing space, and any breathing space short of a Munich is welcome. And this, bitter as it is for France, is no Munich for any nation. But the path opened still bristles with difficulties and doubt.

Crichel Down.—When we remember our Premier's dark forebodings of what Gestapo methods might come from a Socialist State, we cannot be surprised that he did not resist Sir Thomas Dugdale's resignation, though his loyalty to his colleagues is well known. That resignation came as a surprise, and must have made many of his critics on both sides of the House uncomfortable and a little ashamed. Yet the affair disclosed made it inevitable that a "victim must be found," and it is only to be regretted that a good and hard-working Minister was caught by the horns in the thicket. Sir Thomas argued that only one major victim was possible. His was the blame for any misfeasance by any official in his Department. He would not know the guilty party, he might not know much about the guilty party's special duties. But from the day he took over, his was the responsibility for any and every error. It is a daunting reflection for a new Minister. His reliance on his permanent officials is so much accepted that we somehow have come to reject any attempt to question whether it *should* be so. The golden showers of routine Honours which fall on Civil Servants seem to prove that it *must* be so. No doubt, for the first few months, that is true. But Ministers are expected to get to know every detail of their Department's functions, and it is clear that after years in office things were being done and policies pursued by his officials of which the Minister should have had cognizance; and where those acts and policies were clearly objectionable, he possessed not only the duty but the power to check them if necessary by disciplinary action. It took a *cause célèbre* to find a victim and to check a bureaucratic misuse of power. And now, no doubt, we shall hear less of dictatorial methods in bureaucracy for some time to come. A very few little Hitlers, here or there, have been warned.

Suez Canal.—Good men and true are sacrificing their careers over their opinions on the Canal base. The thing that gets me, who am neither a soldier nor a politician, is how that base could be tenable after the first few hours of another war with nuclear weapons. If you want the base to ensure peace in peace, well and good. It doesn't seem to do that job very well, but perhaps it might do better. But as a centre for preserving our vital communications in a hydrogen war, I should suppose that it (and Crete and Malta) would have about one day's usefulness—with luck, even though the Canal Zone base is by no means a pin-point. It is spread over 50 miles. But what is 50 miles to a H-bomb? And that is how many high-placed and experienced soldiers and airmen regard it to-day and to-morrow, and, for my part, I think it will go—with what safeguards we may win for face. The base has cost us an infinity of money, trouble and lives. And we can, anyway, now write off much of that ruinous loss. We shall have to disperse more widely, and the sooner we begin to disperse our various efforts to be on the spot at that end of the Mediterranean in time of trouble, the more efficient those dispersed means will be "on the day." As usual, face-saving must precede life-saving, Commonwealth-saving and peace-saving. The Canal base has had it, and I fancy the Egyptians will soon be able to boast of a diplomatic triumph, and our Government will be jeered at at home for one more weak surrender of our Commonwealth assets. But if our Governments hadn't for so long dreaded such accusations, they would have saved a good deal of face, and trouble and loss of British prestige in the Arab world.

"Sister Peoples."—In Cairo of late there have been some broadcasts in the Swahili language addressed to East Africa and expressing deep sympathy with the Mau Mau in Kenya in their "nationwide revolt against British rule in East Africa." The aim of the broadcasts was declared to be a desire to strengthen ties between Egypt and "sister peoples" in East Africa. A parliamentary question asks if the Foreign Secretary's attention has been drawn to these discourses. I do not think the Kikuyu people yet pay much attention to these broadcasts, nor are Mau Mau methods openly applauded in them. Human beings, of course, cannot pick and choose their sisters. Happily, most of us are content with those whom Nature gave us. Those of us who are not, might hesitate to select a female Mau Mau terrorist. But nations are not in all ways "on all fours" with individuals, and when nationalism is involved, it may be that the assassin and sabotage element in Egypt could still learn some useful tricks from Mau Mau. Egypt adopted Mau Mau as a sister people. That section of ancient Egypt knows best if it be so. Egypt's new Government has other fish to fry, and having still a good deal of dictatorial power, might well consider the advisability of using those powers to moderate such broadcasts, which can hardly sweeten the atmosphere in which to conduct more hopeful and important discussions with Britain.

A POLISH COMPOSER FLEES TO LONDON

ANDRZEJ PANUFNIK, THE POLISH COMPOSER, SPEAKING AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN LONDON AFTER HIS ESCAPE: With him is his British-born wife, Scarlett. Panufnik, although holding several Communist titles, has never been a member of the Communist Party, and had planned his escape over a period of several years. He travelled to England from Zurich, where he had been given permission to conduct concerts by the Polish authorities, gaining entry to this country with a temporary visa granted by the British Consul in Zurich. The composer is no stranger to England, which he visited soon after the war. He has given recitals on the Third Programme. Referring to his reasons for escaping, Panufnik said that he was exploited politically in Poland, and had many artistic conflicts with the authorities. Some of his works had been banned in Poland.

Fit the Crime.—A man in a very high position in the Civil Service was fined for exceeding the speed limit by his local bench. He seems to have been convicted before for the same offence, and I confess that the fine of £2 imposed appeared to me to have been light. The defendant did not think so and appealed. The Appeals Committee doubled the fine. A "leader" in a famous daily took up the cudgels for the defendant and I find myself puzzled by its arguments. The speed-limit rules may be sometimes absurd or in need of revision, but while they remain they are the law of the land, and Petty Sessions are often enough directed and advised to step up penalties for second offenders and always to make the penalty fit the pocket of the convicted offender. A man earning £6 a week does not regard a fine of £2 in the same light as a man with £2,000 a year. These matters perhaps the Press defenders of the appellant did not largely dispute. The plank in their argument questioned an obiter *dictum* of the Appeals chairman: "A man in a high position ought to set an example to others." I call

an *obiter dictum* because, having said so much, the Appeals chairman merely added chicken-feed to chicken-feed. But ought not a man in a high position to set an example to others? I am reminded of old Admiral Muddlecombe's famous Victorian pronouncement to an educated 'defendant convicted of larceny. "You had an expensive education at Eton and Oxford; *instead of which* you go about pinching fowls." Of course, we do better than that on our Bench, now that we have lessons in the Law, but even to-day we are old-fashioned enough to think, if we do not say it, that *noblesse oblige* and that in breaking the law, it is no mitigation to claim that you are a V.I.P.

Another Kremlin Success.—We are bored with asking the rhetorical question: "Where has our summer gone?" Let us register the answer and be done with it and be damned to it. Where does summer go in flies' time? It goes to Russia. Russia, the enemy of our peace, taketh all away, even summer, but the flies she cannot take. They revel in our wintry July. For six weeks Moscow sweltered in temperatures of 90°+, and the heat emptied even the busy Kremlin. The successors of Stalin were bathing and resting or talking in the lakes and mountains, or by the sea hundreds of miles from Moscow, and now they have one more jeer at the incompetent capitalists who cannot even accomplish the normal English summer of "two fine days and a thunderstorm." Moscow has been burning and the retreat from Moscow has been in reverse. But the influence of climate on international politics is acknowledged by historians, and perhaps Moscow weather-changes may affect Kremlin diplomacy. But not, I hope, in turning the cold war into a hot war. However that may be, our summer is just arriving, and we shall continue to enjoy cold war to dilute the heat of it.

A Utility Compact.—At last a jeweller has produced a vanity case that satisfies the average woman's wants. It is a hold-all. Made of solid gold encrusted with diamonds, it has compartments to hold all the beauty aids, banknotes, cigarettes and, perhaps, cocktails. It is shaped like a field-marshal's baton, and is cheap at £780. As a work of art it is spared purchase tax, and the price is net, cost plus reasonable profit for the artist. In an emergency it could probably be used as a cosh, and as it is the sort of cosh that invites coshers, there would be poetic justice in so using it. At the moment it is designed for the upper income group, but I dare say there will be inquiries from the depressed middle classes, some of whom, as I said last week, have a little money to spare for useful and even luxury articles. There is a proverb about packs or compacts and a field-marshal's baton.

When Ball Beats Bat.—Lord's pavilion is by no means always a desert or museum. I took a chance in rain to go to Lord's for the Gentlemen *v.* Players, determined to see at least one ball bowled in first-class cricket this summer. As I arrived, the Gentlemen's first innings ended when Loader (7 for 37) knocked Marlar's stump out of the ground. I had seen my one ball bowled. However, the clouds relented, the match went on, and with the ball always dominating the bat and the Gentlemen (especially Sheppard) fielding superbly, we all woke up in the pavilion, the mummies came to life and Lord's became the second best club in civilisation. At long last, I am beginning to think, there is more fun in watching cricket when wickets tumble than when runs snowball. When rain (and not wickets) falls, my opinion of Lord's pavilion remains—mummified. At the moment England seems to enjoy a rare plethora of formidable bowlers, and the Selectors' choices for Australia will be for once an embarrassment of riches, increased by the sound policy of trying it out on the Pakistani. The "new" men, Appleyard, Loader and McConnon, all have great claims for seeding.

The Palace Lawns.—I sometimes think that no harder task falls on the Royal Family than the walk across the lawns at the garden parties, finding an appropriate gambit of conversation with a hundred guests chosen or recognized in the lanes, some perhaps not clearly identified. They accomplish it with ease and grace. It is their *métier*. The talented gentlemen of the Household and Court do wonders and nowadays always with humour and gaiety, and this year they have so organized matters that for the guests also there is comfort. The Peeping Toms no longer shove and jostle. The Royal Family are more separated. The lanes are early formed, are much wider and there are more of them. Naturally, the Queen's lane is the most thronged, but even there order and discipline are maintained, and she has space for movement and air to breathe in. It is a remarkable improvement, adding greatly to the dignity and comfort of all concerned. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

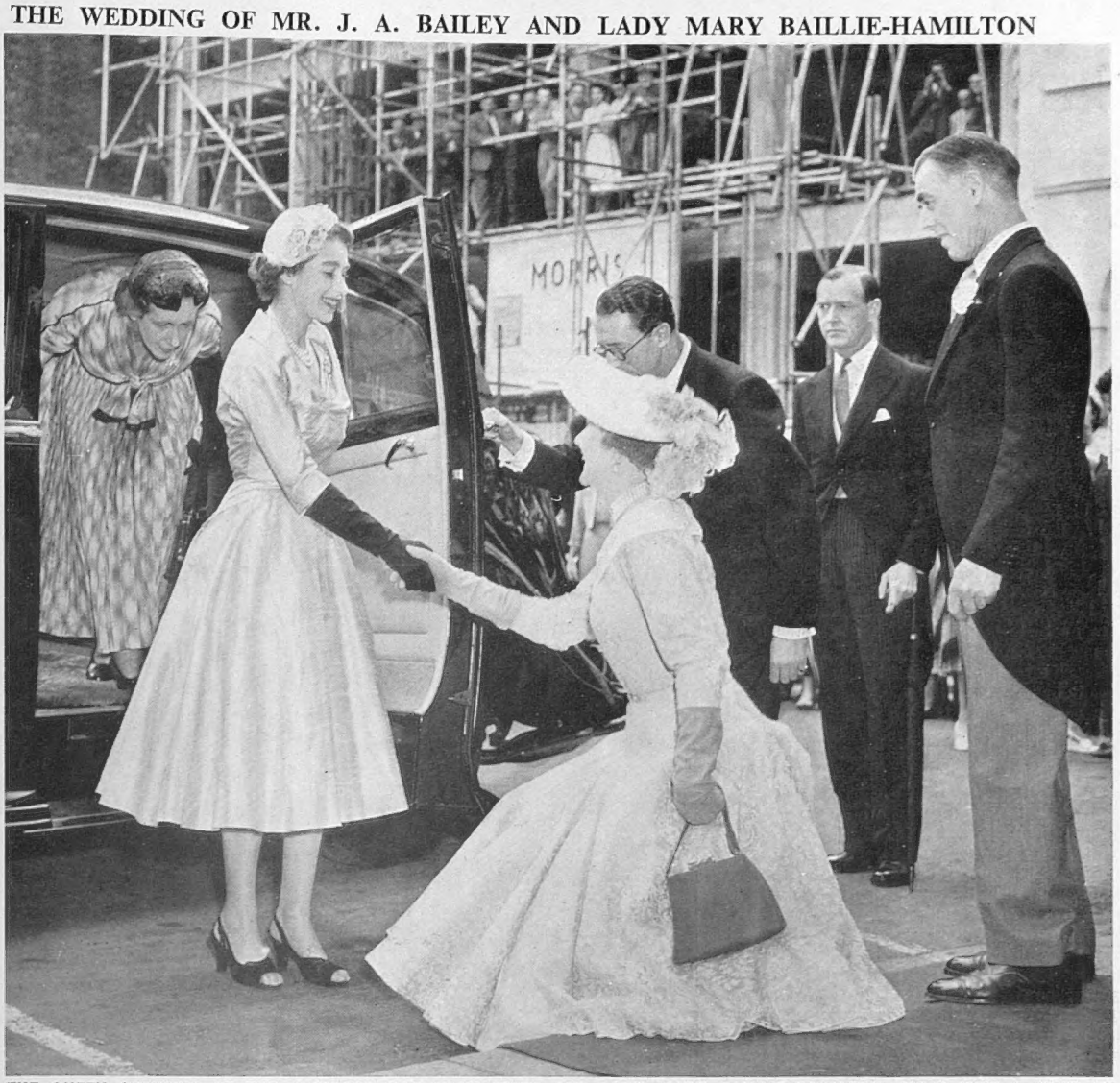
REBUILDING LONDON'S ZOO

By H. C. MILLER; with Photographs and Special Drawings by Victor Coverley-Price and F. A. Stengelhofen, L.R.I.B.A.

PROSPECTS FOR THE AUSTRALIAN TOUR

By NEVILLE CARDUS

THE WEDDING OF MR. J. A. BAILEY AND LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON



THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION GIVEN FOR LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON, WHO WAS A MAID OF HONOUR AT THE CORONATION LAST YEAR: Queen Elizabeth is seen being greeted by the Countess of Haddington, mother of the bride, outside Hutchinson House, Stratford Place, in London, where the reception was held. On the right of this picture is the Earl of Haddington. Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother also attended the reception. The marriage between Mr. J. A. Bailey and Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton was at St. James's, Spanish Place, a Roman Catholic Church, and it was for this reason that the Royal Family did not attend the service. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by four pages and four girl child bridesmaids, all of whom wore Kate Greenaway costumes. Mr. David Bailey, the brother of the bridegroom, was the best man.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM SEEN ABOUT TO ENTER HUTCHINSON HOUSE FOR THE RECEPTION AFTER THEIR WEDDING: Lady Mary is wearing a gown made of 100 yards of white organza, with a tight-fitting bodice and a very full skirt appliqué with lace medallions. Her short tulle veil is held in place with a coronet of gardenias, and she carries an ivory-covered prayer book, with white roses and other flowers on a ribbon hanging from it.

A NEW LONG-RANGE CAMERA

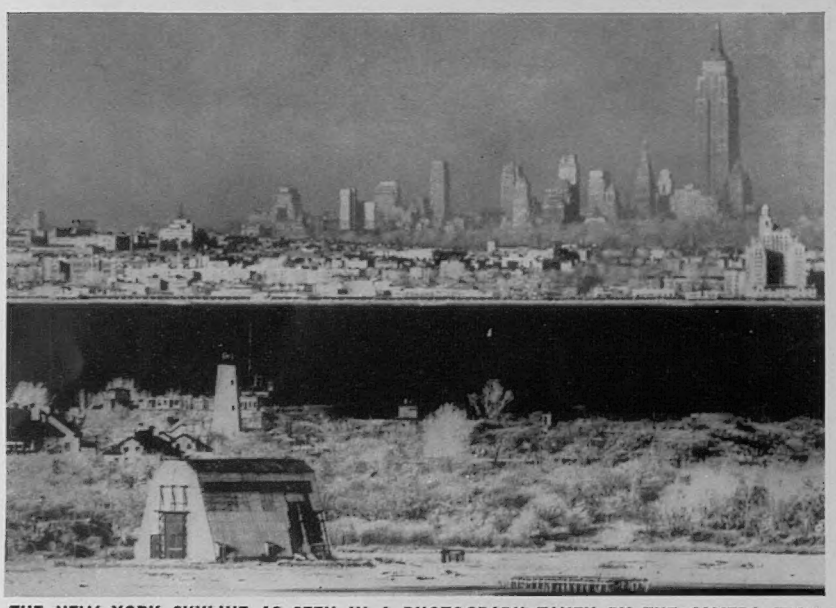
An Instrument Developed for the United States Army which can take Detailed Photographs of Objects from 5 to 30 miles Distant

The "Peeping Tom" camera, which has been developed by the Signal Corps Laboratories at Fort Monmouth, could play an important role both in peacetime, and also as a tactical weapon. In peacetime it could be usefully employed in the detection of forest fires, and it will be a boon to reconnaissance units in the Army and Air Force. The special lens, which has an effective focal length of 100 ins., enables the camera to record scenes up to thirty miles away. At this distance, despite any interfering haze, the negative records not only large, conspicuous objects, but even small objects. In the photograph of the New York skyline, the windows of buildings on Coney Island can be seen clearly, and even those of the Empire State Building, which is on the right of the picture, can be seen. The camera is sensitive to infra-red rays, and it is this fact which enables pictures to be taken even in a mist.

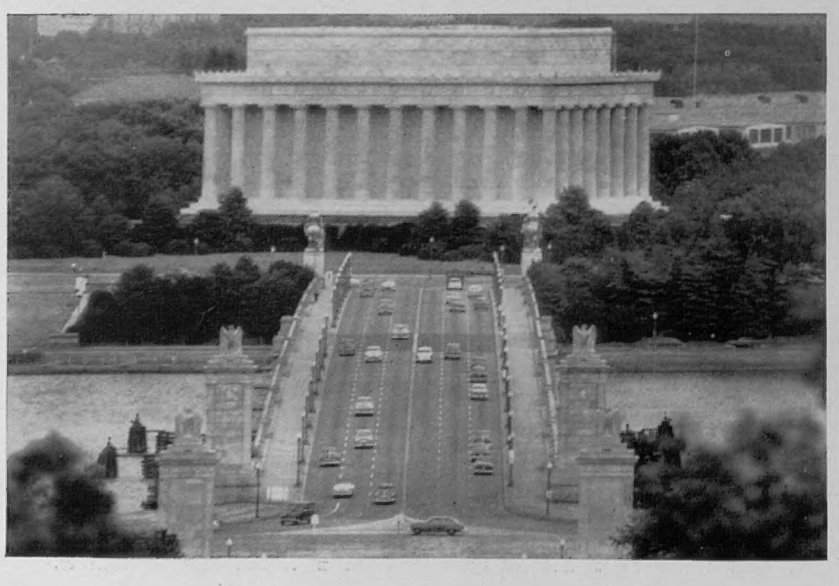
The smallest distance at which the camera will operate is 500 ft., and at this range the area covered is about 105 ft. in width, but this area increases with the range, and at 11½ miles, the last setting on the camera before infinity, it is 3,000 ft. wide. "Peeping Tom" is fitted with a ten-speed shutter which enables time exposures to be made, and gives instantaneous speeds of from 1 second to 1/200th of a second. In focusing, the camera lens itself is not moved; instead, the camera box fitted at the end of the 86-in. barrel is moved in or out. Two different camera boxes, employing different optical systems, are at present being tested with the lens, and it is expected that the best of the two methods will be combined to make the production version of the camera. Only two men are required to operate "Peeping Tom."

United States Signal Corps technicians are also at work on another type of 100-in. lens, which could be used on the camera. This will take photographs by ordinary light and not by infra-red rays. With a lens of this type the technicians hope that the camera will be able to take moving pictures and that the lens might also be fitted to a television camera.

A "PEEPING TOM" CAMERA WITH A RANGE OF THIRTY MILES: Two American soldiers are seen operating the United States Army's latest long-range camera, which has a 100-in. lens fitted. This camera works with infra-red plates, so that a clear day is not necessary to obtain good photographs of objects many miles away.



THE NEW YORK SKYLINE AS SEEN IN A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE CAMERA FROM A DISTANCE OF TWENTY-SIX MILES: This picture was taken from Atlantic Highlands. In the foreground is part of Sandy Hook, about seven miles from the camera; the white spot seen in the channel, separating Sandy Hook from Coney Island (in the middle distance) and New York, is a channel buoy.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LONG-RANGE CAMERA SHOWING THE GREAT LENS: *On left*—A photograph of the Lincoln Memorial and the Memorial Bridge taken from two-and-a-half miles away. The bridge is actually a flat structure, but appears to be arched because of excessive foreshortening caused by the powerful lens.

ROYAL OCCASIONS

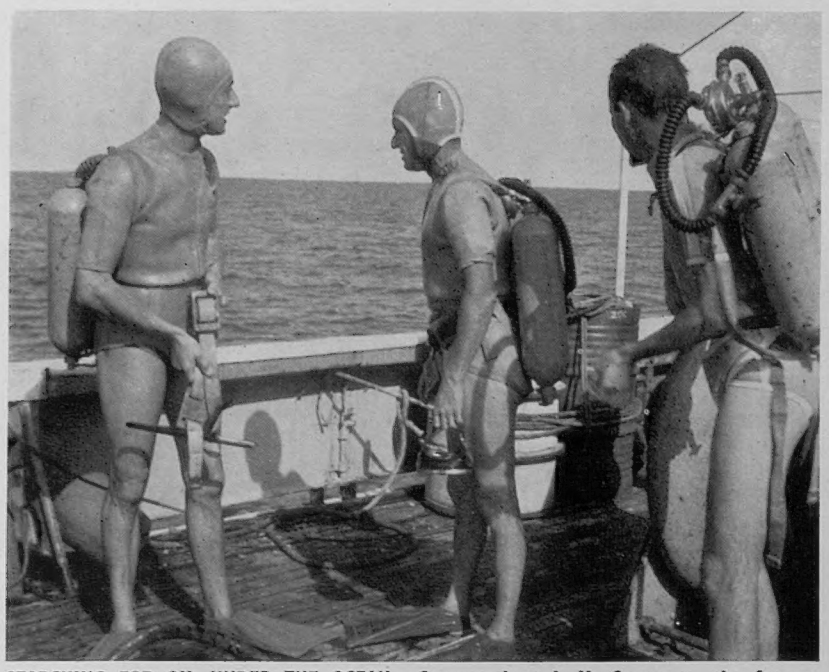
The Queen Dines with the Gentlemen-at-Arms; the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother Present New Colours; and Princess Margaret Reviews St. John Ambulance Brigade Cadets in Hyde Park

THE QUEEN DRIVES OUT TO DINNER: With the Duke of Edinburgh beside her, the Queen is seen driving to St. James's Palace, where she and the Duke were guests at a mess dinner of Her Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. It was the first time in the 445 years' history of the Corps that the reigning sovereign had been entertained by them. The Corps was founded by Henry VIII as the guard in closest personal attendance on the sovereign. Except for the Yeomen of the Guard, it is the oldest military corps in England. It consists of four officers, a sub-officer and thirty-nine Gentlemen-at-Arms, all of whom have been Regular Army officers who have received decorations. The Royal guests were greeted in Friary Court by the officers: the Captain, Colonel the Earl Fortescue; the Lieutenant, Brigadier Sir Harvey Kearsley; the Standard-bearer, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. O. E. Vesey; the Clerk of the Cheque (Adjutant), Lieut.-Colonel the Marquess of Ormonde; and the Harbinger, Major-General A. R. Chater.

PRINCESS MARGARET PRESENTS A CUP FOR GALLANTRY IN HYDE PARK: In her uniform of Commander-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Cadets, the Princess presents the American Cup for Gallantry to Sergeant John Price, of Grays, Essex, for his bravery during last year's East Coast floods. The cup was given by members of the Eighth U.S. Air Force stationed in Britain during the war. The Princess was reviewing more than 8,000 cadets.

601 SQUADRON MARCHES PAST THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: In the gardens of Buckingham Palace the Duke presented a new standard to the famous 601 (County of London) Squadron of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force. 601 played a distinguished part during the Battle of Britain and shot down well over 100 German planes during the battles over Southern England. Above, led by the standard-bearer, Pilot-Officer T. P. A. Norman, carrying the new standard, the squadron marches past the Duke. Many old members of the squadron, in lounge suits and bowler hats, took part in the parade.

THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITS THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT: She is seen inspecting the 1st Battalion of the regiment at Formby, Lancashire, before presenting them with new Colours. Walking beside her is the commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel N. B. Close-Brooks. Heavy rain cut the preliminary formalities of her visit; she even had to step over a large puddle to present the Colours.



SEARCHING FOR OIL UNDER THE OCEAN : Commandant J. Y. Cousteau, the famous French under-water explorer, is seen (left) with some of his team of divers who are helping him in his search for oil in the bed of the Persian Gulf, off Abu Dhabi. Cousteau is carrying out this search for the D'Arcy Exploration Company, which is a subsidiary of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.

The oil search which has recently been in progress beneath the waters of the Persian Gulf off Abu Dhabi, where the D'Arcy Exploration Company, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's prospecting subsidiary, operates a concession covering 12,000 square miles, was conducted from the research vessel *Calypso* by Commandant J. Y. Cousteau, the author of the *Silent World*, who is reputed to be the greatest living authority on marine deep-sea diving without heavy diving suits. The survey was in charge of one of the company's geologists and his team operated drop coring equipment to take samples from beneath the sea-bed.

Commandant Cousteau and his divers investigated depths of 100 ft. and less, using the "Aqualung," invented by the Commandant, which enables a nearly naked man to go as far down as 300 ft. and stay below for up to two hours, swimming as freely as if he were a fish—and without lines. Geophysicists on board the *Calypso* used a marine gravimeter to help in the search. This instrument is hoisted over the side of the ship, adjusts itself to a level position on the sea-bed and takes magnetic readings which it transmits automatically to the surface so that a picture can be made of the submarine strata.

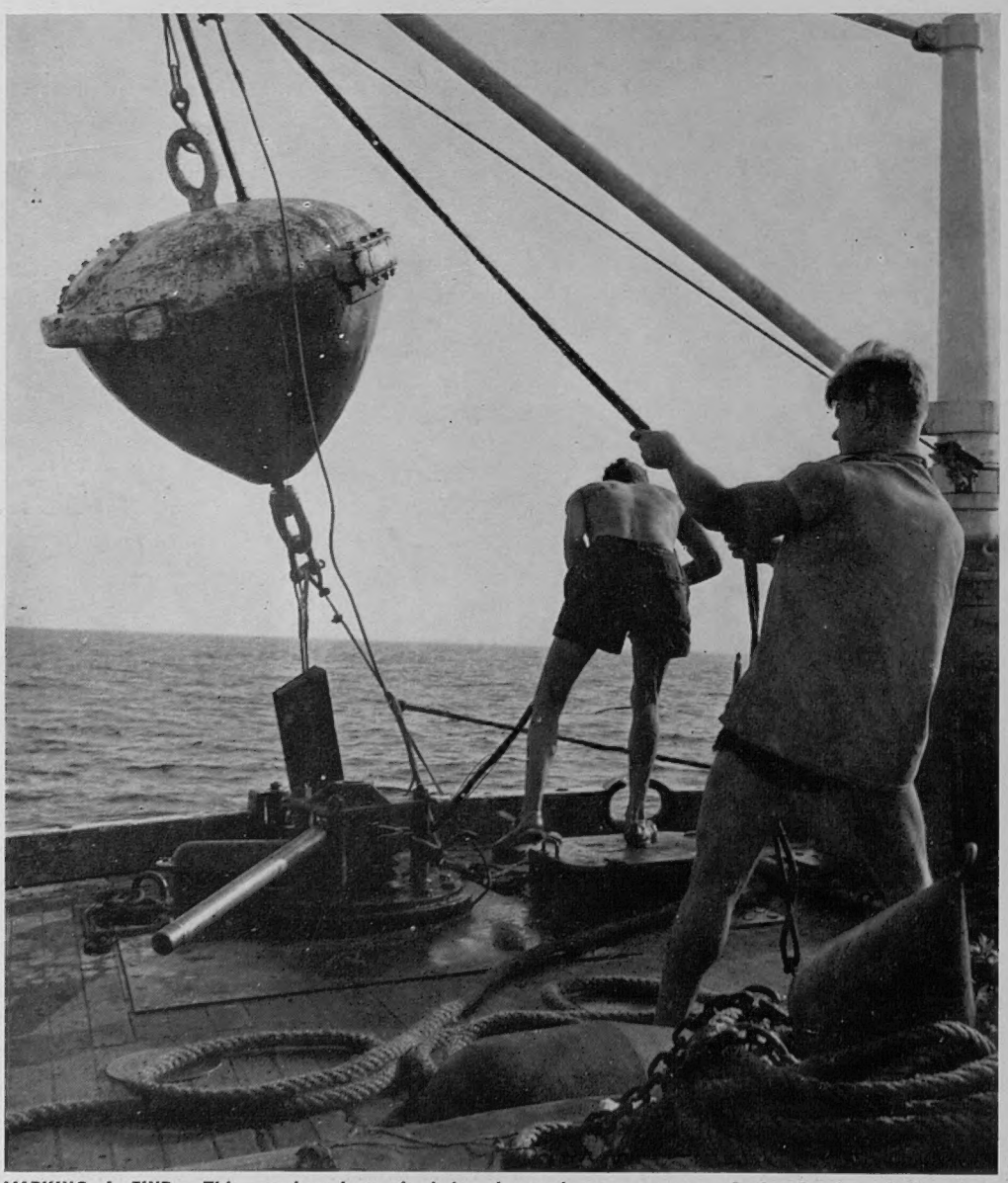
To supplement the findings of the gravimeter, the divers studied the sea-bed and took photographs with a pressurized under-water camera and specially designed flash-lights. Among the many other devices used in the Abu Dhabi oil search was an iron cage which holds equipment and rock samples and can also serve as a defence against sharks.

The results of these underwater operations are now being studied so that structures worthy of further detailed examinations can be identified.

TWO DIVERS GO DOWN IN A CAGE : Two members of the diving te are seen being lowered over the side of the research vessel *Calyps* The cage is used as a protection against sharks, and to hold tools an samples of rocks, which might otherwise float out of a diver's reac

AN UNDER-WATER SEARCH FOR OIL

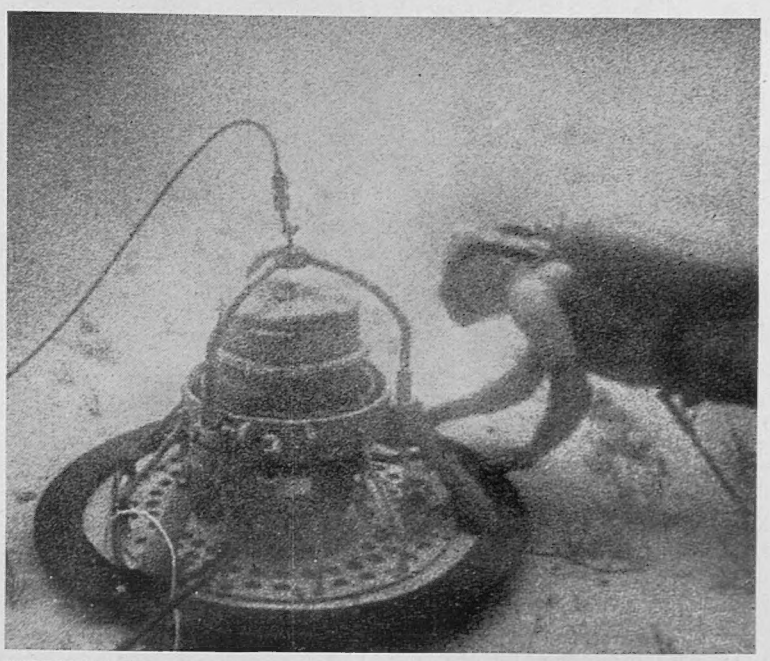
A French Diving Expert and his Team who are Helping in the Exploration of the Bed of the Persian Gulf



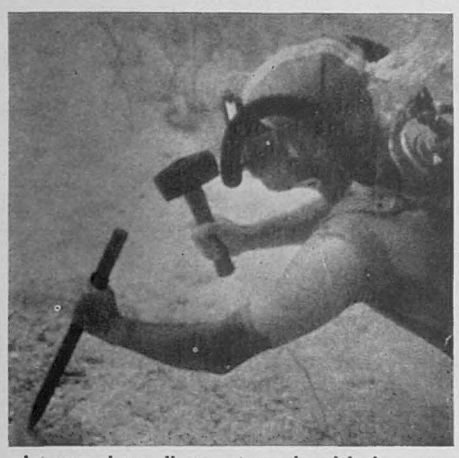
MARKING A FIND : This marker buoy is being lowered over a part of the Persian Gulf, where Cousteau and his men have found samples of rocks which merit further investigation. Geologists of the D'Arcy Exploration Company are co-operating with the Commandant in the search.

PREPARING TO LOWER A SUBMARINE GRAVIMETER OVER THE SIDE OF T "CALYPSO" : This instrument adjusts itself to a level position the sea-bed and transmits magnetic readings to the scientists on boa

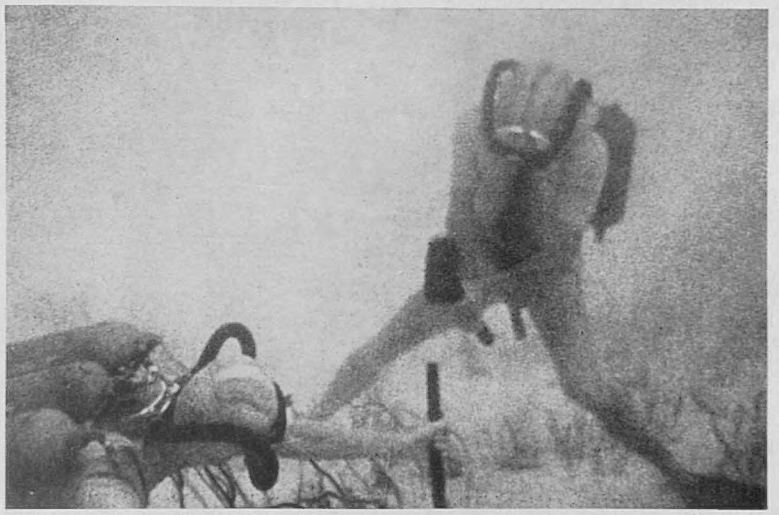
AT WORK ON THE BED OF THE OCEAN : A diver chipping off samples of the rock at the bottom of the Persian Gulf. In the background is the shark-proof cage. The samples will be taken up to the ship and examined by geologists of the D'Arcy Exploration Company. From these examinations it is decided whether it is worth while continuing investigations in that area.



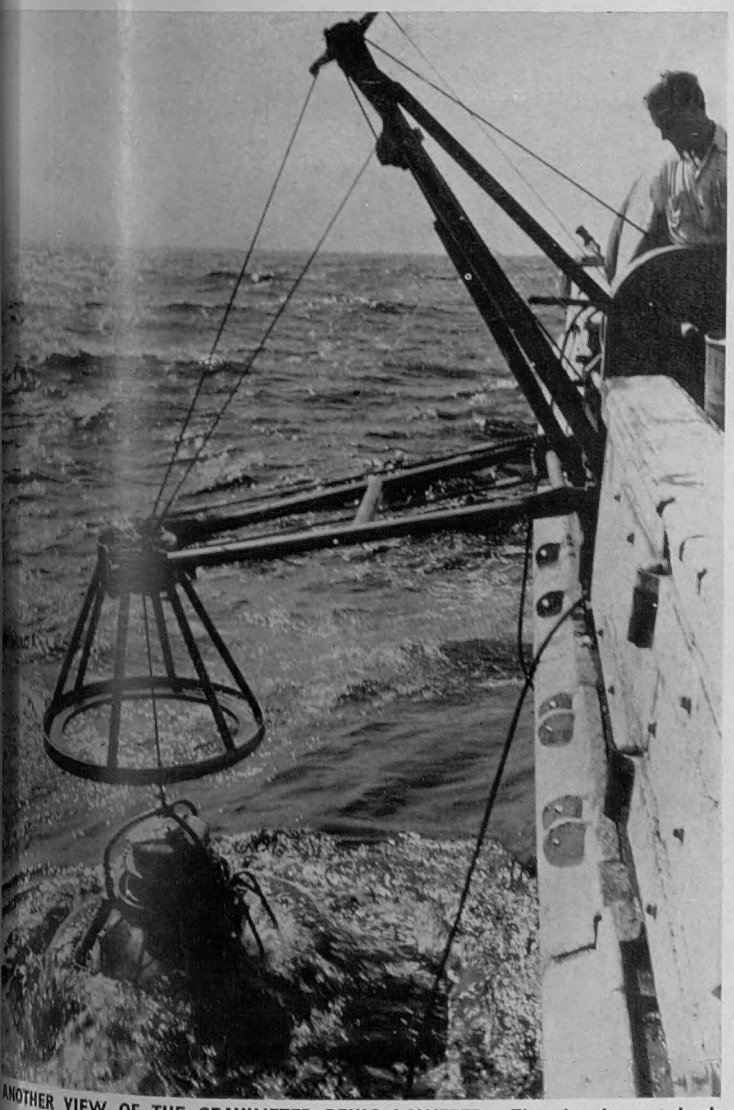
INSPECTING THE SUBMARINE GRAVIMETER IN POSITION ON THE SEA-BED : The divers can work in depths of up to 250 ft. and use the "Aqualung," which was invented by Commandant Cousteau. It enables its wearer to remain under water without difficulty for any time up to two hours.



CHIPPING SAMPLES OFF THE SEA-BED : These two pictures show divers at work with hammers and chisels. The tools used by the explorers have to be specially weighted, as they lose their weight in water and tend to float away from the diver, and are difficult to use.

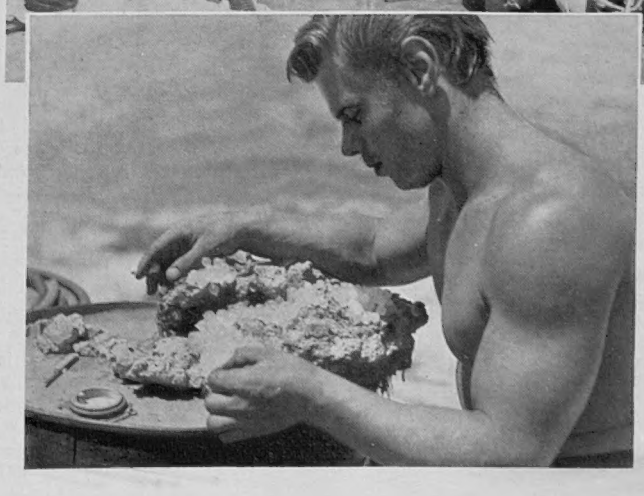


NAVVYING BELOW THE PERSIAN GULF : One diver is holding a chisel while the other wields a heavy hammer. The "Aqualung" device makes the diver quite independent of the ship for the air that he breathes.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GRAVIMETER BEING LOWERED : The signals sent back from this instrument enable the geologists to build up a picture of the strata on the ocean bed, and so determine whether to send down divers.

DIVERS OF COMMANDANT COUSTEAU'S TEAM PREPARING FOR A DESCENT : The man on the right is seen wearing the protective rubber suit, and on the left, a diver has the "Aqualung" strapped to his back.



On left—

EXAMINING A SAMPLE OF ROCK BROUGHT UP FROM THE BED OF THE OCEAN : This sample, and the many others brought to the surface, are now being closely studied by experts.

A SHEEP CLIP IN SNOWDONIA

A Description of the Many Factors that have to be Considered during Clipping-time in this Part of Wales

On right—

THE WILD AND RUGGED SETTING OF THE SNOWDONIA SHEEP CLIP : The sheep are seen penned in during clipping-time at Mrs. Esmé Firbank's farm at Dyffryn Mymbyr, near Capel Curig. The following article tells the story of the clipping carried out there this month.

BRITISH agriculture was once described as a perpetual controversy with weeds, and many farmers would be inclined to agree. On the great sheep farms of North Wales, particularly in the vicinity of Snowdon, it is equally a controversy with the weather.

In this area, at Dyffryn Mymbyr, near Capel Curig, Mrs. Esmé Firbank has her sheep-walks extending over some 3,000 acres of mountain on the steep slopes of the Glyder Mountains, and now, with her 1954 crop of wool safely stored in a Bradford warehouse, she can look back upon yet another yearly encounter with Snowdonian mists and storms.

It is not generally realised just what an important role the weather does play in the annual wool clip. What it was like in the winter, during the lambing season, and again between the lambing season and the start of clipping, all play a part in determining the weight of wool that will be sent away from the sheep farm after the July shearing is over. Modern veterinary science has done much to eradicate losses during lambing-time and to prevent the spread of many sheep diseases, but only sunshine can bring the wool to a state of maturity.

HARD AT WORK DURING THE ANNUAL SHEEP CLIP : Whether the fleece will come away clean or not depends on many factors, and the weather, during all the year, plays an important part.

The wool that comes from the sheep in July is, of course, the previous year's growth. It is that which enables Esmé Firbank's Welsh Mountain flock to withstand all the rigours of a winter on the Snowdonian heights and bring the ewes to a state of fitness for lambing on a mountainside which at that time of the year is often swept by snowstorms and ice-cold winds. Fitting tightly on the sheep's skin, the thick wool makes a dense, almost waterproof, coat.

Late spring, however, sees the start of a new growth of fleece beneath the old—a hairy growth which for some time lacks the consistency of wool. Warm weather encourages this, and as it proceeds the older fleece is pushed away from the skin. When sheep-farming folk speak of the "rise," they really refer to this late spring and early summer growth. And, of course, the more "rise" there is, the easier it is to insert the clipping shears between skin and fleece and bring the latter away cleanly.

Experienced flockmasters say that anything less than half an inch of rise is unsatisfactory. When the fleece is removed, the sheep stands gaunt and bare. In cold weather, they shiver if left too naked; under the hot sun, they blister. A good rise with plenty of hair is almost as essential to a clipped sheep in summer as a good fleece in winter.

But before any sheep can be clipped they must be gathered from the hills, and for Mrs. Firbank this does not merely mean clearing the flock from 3,000 acres but from a mountainside which rises to a height of nearly 3,300 ft. Behind the farm the land rises steeply. The lower slopes are strewn with boulders; higher up are steep crags, and the nature of the top can best be assessed in the words of one of Mr. Baddeley's early guide-books: "If ever Cyclops took it into his head to upset one of his own walls, the result would probably be the Glyder Fach."

The operation begins soon after daybreak and continues until early afternoon. Esmé Firbank herself, Gwylim Hughes, her shepherd, and helpers from near-by farms comb that rough mountainside with their fleet-footed collies. Almost as swift as the dogs are the sheep themselves. Some try to cross the rocky ridge and are turned back by men working at 2,500 ft. above the valley; others temporarily lose themselves behind crags and boulders and in deep hollows. But it is a point of honour that no sheep should be left behind. When the work commences the flock is scattered about the mountain-flanks; gradually they are collected into little groups, and as the morning proceeds these groups are joined together and their number decreases as each one increases in size. By noon a flock of over 1,000 is coming down to the valley.

Even in ideal weather this gathering is arduous and exacting. Misty weather makes it impossible. When the mists persist for days on end—as they did this June—advantage has to be taken of temporary clearances to do the work in stages—a long-drawn-out job and nothing like as satisfactory as the one big gather.

Even when the sheep are down, the weather is still an important factor. Often enough the fleeces are damp and need to dry thoroughly before clipping. Clipping dates are fixed well in advance, each farm adhering to its traditional day so far as possible. This is done so that the work can be on a co-operative basis, neighbouring farmers sending help along and, of course, receiving assistance in turn. A postponement through bad weather means the upsetting of a carefully-planned schedule and often enough the unlucky one has to take his place at the end of the list.

The day preceding Esmé Firbank's clip was one of doubts and fears. The sheep in the valley had had no chance of drying out; many were still ungathered on the high ground. It was not until late afternoon that the sun came out and not until late evening that the fleeces were pronounced dry. Then, with the twilight deepening, the sheep were brought to the pens and the task of separating the ewes from the lambs begun. It was nearly dark when work at those pens ceased and enough sheep were taken to the protective cover of buildings to ensure some, at any rate, would be in a fit state for clipping on the morrow.

For Esmé Firbank and Gwylim Hughes work recommenced at three next morning. The mists had lifted sufficiently for more sheep to be gathered from the mountains and again the sorting at the pens took place. At eight, the clippers began to arrive—men and women from the near-by farms who themselves were engaged in this annual contest with mists and rain and who knew the necessity of keeping up to schedule. Mists gathered around Snowdon; clouds draped the higher slopes of the Glyders immediately above, but the shears kept up a merry rattle. Sheep were passed from the pens to the shearers. Two men rolled the fleeces into compact bales and tossed them to others who stuffed them into great canvas bags. And as each sheep was stripped of its outer coat there was a shout of "Pitch!" and Esmé Firbank hurried to stamp it with the black capital "R" which is the sign of her propriety. Each farm has its own pitch-mark which, of course, is its identity-mark, and these have been attached for many generations. Possibly the first man to mark sheep thus at Dyffryn Mymbyr was a Roberts, who used his own initial for the purpose. Once given, a pitch-mark remains. No change of ownership can alter it.

From the distance the scene is one of chaos—struggling sheep, energetic clippers, folk dashing here and there. In the pens, however, one sees it has to be carefully planned and that all runs in accordance with long-established plan. It has to do so when 1,500 sheep have to be dealt with, and the weather is so very uncertain.

Only when the last sheep has dashed, white and bare, away from the pens and the bags containing the all-important fleeces are stacked in a great brown pile ready for the journey to some Bradford warehouse can Esmé Firbank know that there is a temporary truce in the annual struggle between the weather and the wool at Dyffryn Mymbyr

Sydney Moorhouse

THE DYFFRYN MYMBYR PENS ON CLIPPING DAY : All the sheep in this picture have to be clipped in as short a time as possible, and Mrs. Firbank and her shepherd are given help from near-by farms. They, in turn, will help other farmers in the district.

MRS. FIRBANK HERSELF LENDS A HAND : The owner of the farm is seen wielding the hand-shears with the assurance of a skilled craftswoman. Mrs. Firbank's sheep-walks extend over some 3,000 acres on the rugged slopes of the Glyder Mountains, and like all other sheep farmers she is very dependent on the weather for a successful clip.

PEACE FOR INDO-CHINA

In Geneva, the Nine Nations Agreed on a Truce and Free Elections after more than Seven Years of War

After weeks of tense bargaining at Geneva, agreement on a truce in Indo-China was finally reached. Much credit for this must go to Mr. Eden, who held the conference together at many times when it looked like breaking down, and to M. Mendès-France, who had courageously set himself a deadline to end a war which, in seven-and-a-half years, has cost France and the Associated States 92,000 dead or missing, 114,000 wounded and 28,000 prisoners, besides exacting a heavy toll on France's economy.

The cease-fire agreement will take place by stages. In the Red River delta and Hanoi area, now to go to Viet-minh, communications are good, and the truce was expected to be enforced quickly; in other areas it would take up to two weeks to take effect.

The main points of the truce were that Viet Nam, the largest state of Indo-China, be divided at the 17th parallel, the northern half to belong to the Communist Viet-minh regime: this gives them Hanoi and the port of Haiphong, and the French-owned coal, tin and iron mines. Viet Nam keeps the south with the capital of Saigon, and its rice and rubber-growing areas. All French Union and Viet-minh forces are to be regrouped within their own areas and Viet-minh is to withdraw its forces from Laos and Cambodia. Free elections are to be held throughout Indo-China within the next two years, and the Indo-Chinese States are to be prevented from forming alliances with either East or West. An armistice commission—consisting of Poland, Canada and India—is to supervise the truce.

PLENARY SESSION IN GENEVA: In the Palais des Nations just after the signing of the truce. The delegations, left to right round the tables, are: the Russians, the British; on the table facing the camera, the Chinese, the Viet-minh; next table, the Laotians, French and Viet Namese; and, with their backs to the camera, the Cambodians and the Americans.

THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION: M. Molotov, looking rather old and tired, sits out the final session flanked by his two young aides. The truce agreements had been signed earlier in the day after a final all-night session.

SIGNING FOR CAMBODIA: General Ta Quang Buu, Viet-minh Defence Minister, signs the Cambodia truce. Sitting smoking on left is the Commander-in-Chief Cambodia, General Nhiek Tioulong. The Cambodians, by some astute bargaining even after M. Mendès-France's deadline, signed last and gained some valuable late concessions.

SIGNING FOR FRANCE: General Georges Delteil signs the Viet Nam and Laos truce agreements. The Viet Nam delegate protested strongly at the surrender of territory north of the 17th parallel, which was still held by Viet Nam forces.

THE TRIUMPHANT PARTIES: Masking their feelings with true Oriental inscrutability are the leading Chinese and Viet-minh delegates to this, from their point of view, highly successful conference. Left to right (in front) they are: Premier Chou En-lai, his deputy Chang Wen Tien, Viet-minh Commerce Minister Phan Auh, and Foreign Minister Phan Van Dong.

A SHOW OF FRANCO-AMERICAN CONCORD: M. Mendès-France shakes hands with Mr. Bedell Smith after the signing. The settlement was thankfully received in France; in America, it was received with distaste.

WORLD SURVEY

A Pictorial Account of Recent Events in America, Europe, South-East Asia and New Zealand

A FIREWORKS FACTORY BLOWS UP : Smoke rising from an area of a fireworks and explosives plant in Chestertown, Maryland, after a series of chain-action explosions had destroyed the factory and left thirteen dead. Only scattered debris marks the site of small buildings, while most of the buildings in the background were heavily damaged by the blast. The explosion began at an assembly line while training shells for the Forces were being put together. The building burst into flames, and the shock of the explosion started a chain reaction through the other sixty-four buildings on the 20-acre site of the Kent Manufacturing Company. Everything from bundles of fireworks to nitro-glycerine exploded and the blasts were felt 16 miles away ; fire brigades rushed to the scene of the explosion from towns as far as 50 miles away, and the civil defence organisation of the State of Maryland went into action.

THEY THOUGHT IT WAS AN ATOM ATTACK : Part of the devastation caused by the explosion at the fireworks and armaments factory. Half the population of Chestertown, about 1,600, streamed into the country as the shout went up "Get out while you can." Cars, women wheeling prams, and families on foot headed for eastbound roads when further explosions were feared.

THE ALABASTER MINES ARE WORKING AGAIN : Workmen cleaning a 660-lb. alabaster pearl which they had just extracted from a mine 300 ft. below the surface in the hills of Volterra, in Tuscany. After falling into disuse for some years, the alabaster mines and workshops of this ancient North Italian town are once again working at full capacity. This revival is largely due to the two men who were appointed by the Italian Government to revitalise the industry of Volterra. They are Dr. Bruno Giuntoli, President of the Volterra Academy of Art and Chairman of the Alabaster Marble Works, and Professor Umberto Borga, a teacher at the Academy and also a director and designer at the marble works. The alabaster is found usually underground in the beds of old lakes. The pieces of alabaster, sometimes known as pearls, look like giant eggs and often weigh as much as 600 lb. Sometimes they are sent off as chunks of alabaster, but usually the marble is fashioned into a variety of statues and useful articles which find their way to all parts of the world.

REVIVING AN ANCIENT CRAFT : One of the Volterra craftsmen, who has been working in alabaster marble for forty years, with a statue of St. Francis. Besides statues, alabaster lends itself to the making of vases, book-ends, ash trays, dishes and other useful objects. During the past year there has been a great increase in the production of works made out of alabaster marble.

AN AMERICAN PLAN TO RELIEVE MAIN ROAD TRAFFIC CONGESTION : A Pennsylvania Railroad Diesel engine preparing to leave the Hunter Street yard in Newark, New Jersey, with a load of " piggyback " trailers. These trailers can be hitched on to lorries at the end of their railway journey and taken to their final destination by road. This joint road-rail service, which was put into operation earlier this month, will at first link New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago. It is hoped by this method to relieve traffic congestion on the main highways connecting these cities and that eventually the " piggyback " service will spread farther.

FROM RAILWAY TO ROAD : A " piggyback " trailer being taken off the goods train by lorry. The Pennsylvania Railroad have ninety flatcars specially designed to carry these trailers on their long-distance journeys by rail.

WOUNDED PRISONERS EXCHANGED BEFORE THE ARMISTICE IN INDO-CHINA : Some of the French wounded making their way to a tank landing ship on improvised bamboo rafts at the exchange point of Mai-Thon. There 100 Viet Minh wounded were exchanged for 100 French prisoners, all of whom were wounded at Dien Bien Phu. The French prisoners had had to march more than 280 miles to reach the exchange centre, which is a seaside village in Central Viet-Nam. Dismay and disappointment at the truce terms which were signed in Geneva were expressed in Hanoi, both by Viet-Namese leaders and by French Commanders. Some 12,000,000 Viet-Namese, many of them Roman Catholics, will come under Communist rule.

VIET-MINH PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM : The group of rebel soldiers who were exchanged for 100 French embarking at Haiphong on their way to the exchange centre. Haiphong is the port which must be evacuated by the French within ten months, according to the Geneva armistice.

MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS ON TRIAL : The sixty-eight-year-old widow of a member of the great Irish family facing a camera unflinchingly during a recess of the court at Schlosswil, Switzerland. Mrs. Guinness, who, as Marchesa Maria Nunziante di Magnano married the late Benjamin Guinness in 1936, was facing six charges of theft, fraud and embezzlement. Among these are the allegations that she perpetrated a £17,000 fraud on an insurance company and that she stole goods valued at more than £4,000 from the home of a friend in Lucerne. In a report presented to the court by two psychiatrists she was called "a very great danger to human society, a thief and a slanderer." The President of the Swiss court suspended the trial, probably for many weeks, pending investigations in Paris and New York.

MORE GERMAN CIVILIANS RETURN FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN : An emotional moment as part of a group of 140 men and women cross the border into West Germany on their release from imprisonment in the East Zone. These civilians were arrested by the Russians in 1945 on political charges, and were subsequently handed over to the East German authorities. During the past year many thousands of men and women have returned to West Germany from prison camps in Russia, but this group is one of the few to have been imprisoned in East Germany.

On right—

MOUNT NGAURUHOE CONTINUES TO ERUPT : A black stream of molten lava standing out against the white winter snow which covers most of the 7,515-ft. volcano in New Zealand's North Island. After some weeks of rumbling, Mount Ngauruhoe erupted in spectacular and record-breaking style, hurling molten lava 2,000 ft. into the air. Since then the volcano has continued to erupt, with varying intensity, and for many weeks the molten lava could be seen streaming down the mountain side.

A FRENCH STATE VISIT TO HOLLAND

The French President and His Wife's Arrival in Amsterdam at the Start of a Four-day Visit

M. Coty's State visit to the Netherlands started most impressively as his aircraft crossed the Dutch frontier, where an escort of a squadron of the Dutch Air Force was waiting to accompany the aircraft to Schipol Airport. Here the President and Madame Coty were welcomed by Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard. M. Jean Paul Garbier, the French Ambassador to the Netherlands, was also present, and members of the Dutch Cabinet were presented to M. Coty. From Schipol Airport the remainder of the journey into Amsterdam was made as a State drive, through streets lined with cheering crowds. This was the first time in forty-three years that the head of the French State had paid an official visit to the Netherlands.

After his arrival in Amsterdam, M. Coty was present at a ceremony in the Town Hall, where the Burgomaster presented him with a copy of a Bible printed in French at Amsterdam in 1699.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT VISITS HOLLAND : An aerial view of the Dam Square, in Amsterdam, as President and Madame Coty arrive at the Royal Palace at the start of their State visit. They were welcomed by Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard, later driving in State into Amsterdam.

On left—

BARGES ARE DECORATED IN HONOUR OF THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT : A flower-bedecked barge seen gliding along an Amsterdam canal. It is watched by a large crowd, mostly of children.

THE PRESIDENT MAKES A SPEECH : Gesticulating eloquently, M. Coty says a few words after his arrival in Amsterdam. Madame Coty is seated on the left, and next to her is Queen Juliana ; Prince Bernhard is on the right.

THE STATE DRIVE FROM SCHIPOL AIRPORT TO THE ROYAL PALACE : In the carriage in the foreground of this picture are Queen Juliana and M. René Coty. Madame Coty and Prince Bernhard are travelling in the following carriage. Cheering crowds line the street.

IN THE ROYAL PALACE : Queen Juliana is seated between M. and Madame Coty, and Prince Bernhard is standing behind the sofa. The visit is in return for that made to Paris by Queen Juliana in May 1950.

SCOTLAND'S NEWLY-CONSTITUTED NATURE RESERVE IN THE CAIRNGORM MOUNTAINS: This is a view over the extensive woodlands of Rothiemurchus and the lochs—Loch na Gamnha and Loch an Eilean—with the hills of Glen More in the background; all this area is the Nature Reserve, except the distant Glen More hills, which belong to the Forestry Commission and which are part of the Glen More Forest Park. Nesting among the lochs are greenshank and Slavonian grebe, and in the woods such rarities as crested tits, crossbills, capercaillie and siskins. In the Cairngorm plateau area, there exists a rare combination of Arctic-Alpine plant- and bird-life.

BRITAIN'S NEWEST NATURE RESERVE

The Nature Conservancy has Set Aside some 62 Square Miles of Mountain Country in the Cairngorms as a Reserve for the Rare Birds and Plants that are Found there

BY setting up the Cairngorms Reserve a fortnight ago, the Nature Conservancy brought into existence the largest Nature Reserve in Britain and, with the exception of one in Switzerland, probably the largest in Western Europe. It covers some 62 square miles, or 39,689 acres, and includes three of Scotland's highest peaks—Ben Macdhui, Cairntoul and Braeriach, but excludes Cairngorm itself. Also part of the Reserve is Rothiemurchus Forest, which is a remnant of the ancient Caledonian Forest.

Only about one-eighth of the area, covering the higher lands of Invereshie, has been bought by the Conservancy, the remainder being brought in under a series of Nature Reserve agreements with the landlords. These are the first such agreements to be negotiated by the Conservancy with private landlords under the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act of 1949. The Conservancy hopes to bring off more such agreements in the future and also to enlarge the Cairngorms Reserve.

The Reserve is intended to preserve, as nearly as possible unchanged, a magnificent stretch of Highland country, and its unusual wild life and vegetation, for the enjoyment of walkers, climbers, amateur naturalists, and for serious scientific study. The Cairngorm summit and plateau region is the nearest thing in the British Isles to Arctic-Alpine conditions and is unique; within its few square miles can be found a pattern of wild life which does not exist in its entirety anywhere else in Britain.

Plant life in the Cairngorms is not so abundant as in other Scottish hill lands because their rocks are sour; "sweet" or limestone rocks produce a much richer flora. What makes the Cairngorms particularly interesting to botanists is the long lie of snow in the Cairngorms; there is one snowfield at the head of the corrie under Braeriach which, because the sun does not reach it, is practically perpetual. Mr. Seton Gordon has observed this snowfield for over forty years and added much to the knowledge of snow-patch plants. He found that some of the lower plants like liverworts could survive for six years under snow. They emerge to the light only for a short time in warm spells, but they continue to flourish.

It is probably the most natural area of mountain vegetation in Britain, because it has suffered less than most British mountains from excessive grazing. With heavy grazing from sheep and deer some species disappear altogether, because they are palatable. Sheep did not graze the Cairngorm tops until recently, and the climate, with its long-lasting heavy snow cover, and the general poverty of the plateau area, naturally restricted the grazing time of sheep and deer.

Linked with the Arctic-Alpine plants are mountain insects. The mountain burnet moth, whose caterpillars feed on the moss campion and the tiny mountain azalea, can be found in the Cairngorms, and nowhere else in Britain.

Along with its distinctive plants and insects, the Cairngorm area has its own birds. The dotterel, ptarmigan and snow bunting—all Arctic birds—nest in the plateau.

The primary object of the Reserve is to preserve all these rarities and other characteristic specimens of Highland wild life, such as the golden eagles, blackcock, greenshank, crested tits and Scottish crossbills, as well as red and roe deer, wild-cats, and other mammals, together with over 200 species of flowering plants and hundreds of species of non-flowering plants and insects, many of them of considerable rarity. Deerstalking, grouse-shooting and the destruction of a few undesirable pests will continue, but special protection zones have been arranged for the ptarmigan. No birds of prey, except sparrowhawks, will be killed.

Those who have been accustomed to visit the area will find no change as regards access, and formalities will be necessary only for those who wish to undertake research, to take specimens of animals or plants (this will be prohibited except for essential scientific purposes), or to obtain a permit for something which would

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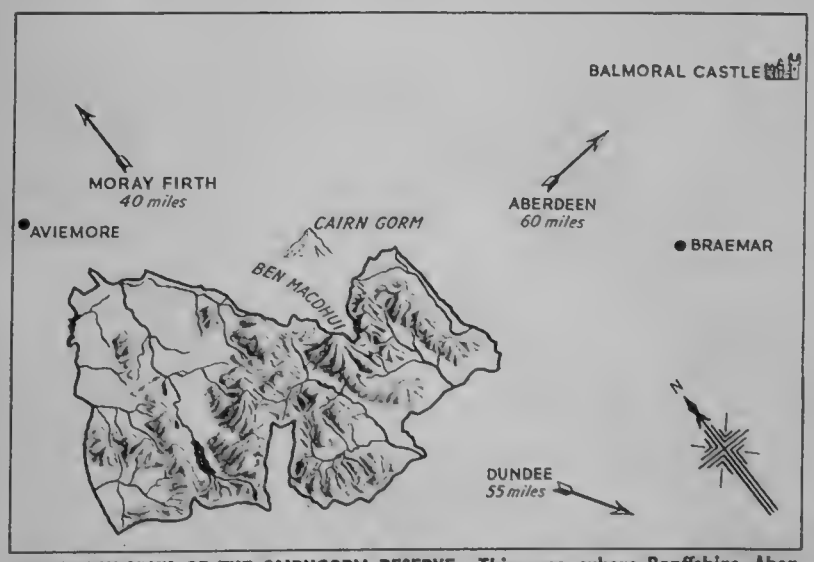


THE BOUNDARIES OF THE CAIRNGORM RESERVE: This area, where Banffshire, Aberdeenshire and Inverness-shire meet, constitutes the Reserve. The peaks there, all over 4,000 ft., are the highest in the British Isles apart from Ben Nevis.

BRAERIACH, IN THE CAIRNGORMS : This peak, with its snow cornices and ice-covered lochans, is Arctic rather than Alpine, and to these heights snow buntings and dotterel come to nest ; for the past two summers a snowy owl has been seen here. A climber stands on the ridge watching a bad-weather front move in over the hill-tops ; fierce winds can sweep the plateau, and in June of this year there was 2 ft. of snow lying on the tops. To climb Braeriach demands first a long and arduous walk, and then provides some of the stiffest climbing on the mainland of Scotland. On the left is Angel's Peak, and the loch is the Lochain Yaine (Green Loch).

BRITAIN'S NEWEST NATURE RESERVE

THE ROAD TO BRAEMAR : A naturalist in the forest pauses to read a signpost to Braemar—the way lies over a high mountain pass—erected by the Scottish Right of Way Society. Though the Reserve will protect many kinds of rare wild life, no part of it will be shut to the public.

ROTHIEMURCHUS FOREST : This piece of forest comprises the heart of the Nature Reserve and is famous for its rare birds. The pines are Caledonian pines, which are quite distinct from the types seen in England, having lustrous green canopies and a wine-red bark. Heather and bilberry make up the forest floor ; behind it stretches the granite of the Monadh Ruadh (Red Hills), which is the proper name of the Cairngorms. As few restrictions as possible are placed on wayfarers through the Reserve ; the difficulty of access is restriction enough.

(*Continued from previous page*)

otherwise be illegal, such as camping on private ground.

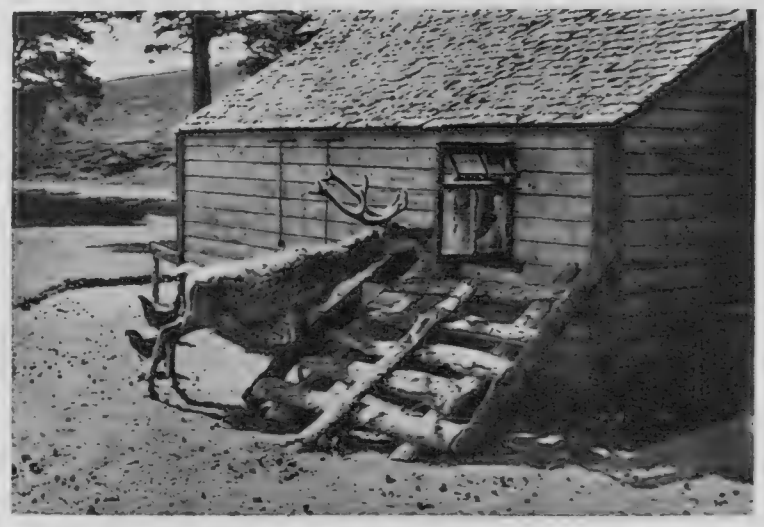
To keep an eye on the Reserve two Conservancy wardens are already at their posts—one at Achnagoichan, Rothiemurchus, and another at Linn of Dee, Braemar. The Conservancy have also set up a Cairngorms Consultative Panel—representing the county councils concerned, the Scottish Mountaineering Club, the Cairngorm Club and other interested open-air bodies—whose advice they will seek on such matters as mountain rescue arrangements and on all matters affecting public rights.

By giving these clubs an interest in the Reserve, the Conservancy has enrolled, in a sense, a whole lot of assistant wardens ; the Conservancy is sure that members of these clubs will help the wardens in protecting the plants and birds while they are in the Reserve. The Conservancy in turn will assist in such ways as the provision of footbridges and looking after mountain shelters.

One of the most important parts of the Reserve is a large area of forest in the Spey Valley, dominated by Rothiemurchus, a remnant of the old Caledonian Forest. When man first set foot in Scotland more than half the land surface was forest ; by 1919 it was less than 5 per cent., and despite the efforts made since then by the Forestry Commission, further inroads have been made in the last thirty-five years. Over the centuries the forests were cut down, partly for grazing, partly for

GLEN EINICH : The ancient pine on the left marks the tree limit ; here the forest gives way to the bleak heights where the merlin and golden eagle nest. Snow lies on the tops even into summer, as on the peak of Sgoran Dubh, shown in the background ; in patches the snow is almost perpetual. The track here is rough and narrow and threads its way through a natural glacial museum of moraines, like the ones in the middle distance. This area abounds in distinctive birds and plants, but not mammals.

On left—
A FOREST PATHWAY IN ROTHIEMURCHUS : This narrow track leads through the Forest of Rothiemurchus to the Lairig Ghru, which is the highest hill pass in Britain. Formerly the pines of this unique area in Scotland climbed to great heights on the hills, but now they die out around the 1,700-ft. mark. This is the largest fragment remaining of the ancient Wood of Caledon, and one of the important works of the Conservancy will be the protection of the trees and their encouragement by natural regeneration. By judicious fencing to keep out the deer it should be possible to re-establish these trees to near their former heights.



A FRIENDLY WANDERER : Red deer are common on the Nature Reserve, but not many are as tame as this Cairngorm beast, which takes a piece of bread from a bedroom window at Lui Beg, on the Mar Estate.

the commercial value of the timber, and partly to destroy the lair of the wolf.

Rothiemurchus represents one of the few stretches of natural Scots pine forest which have been properly worked as a continual natural resource. On the whole, the British have been poor foresters in that they allowed them, by bad working, to be destroyed ; but Rothiemurchus has been worked for probably a thousand years. Rothiemurchus demonstrates that natural Highland forest, cut intelligently and selectively, allowing the trees to regenerate naturally, is probably the best use for much of the Highland country.

This is one of the problems that the Conservancy will investigate under their scientific programme—the natural growth of a forest. This involves investigating the roles of the wide range of wild life—animal and microscopic—all of which are interdependent and play some small part in the successful development of a forest which, if one looks into it, is far from being a mere collection of trees.

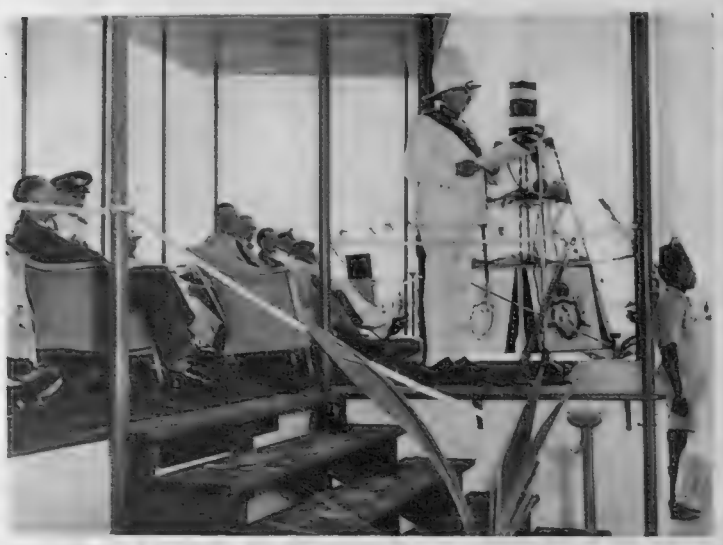
This part of Scotland, now to be preserved, has played a fair part in the country's history. It was in this area that the Roman general and Emperor Septimius Severus fought the Picts in 208 A.D. ; Macbeth fought his last battle near the Blue Cairn, and Edward III made several incursions into the area.

Rothiemurchus was granted by Alexander II to the Bishop of Moray in 1226, but by the end of the sixteenth century these lands passed to the Grants, whose motto is " Stand Fast," and they have held it since. The present owner, who signed the agreement with the Conservancy, is Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Grant. Under these agreements the various landowners have bound themselves not to kill any birds or mammals except those on the permitted list, not to cut down any trees without permission, and they have given up their rights to introduce new forms of animal life.

The Lairig Ghru and Lairig an Laoigh, two of the high mountain passes in the area, were among the great drove roads used when the hills of Scotland were " black with cattle." For long these drove roads were the only ones, and travel in these parts was uncomfortable, difficult and dangerous. Probably the event most responsible for opening this part of the Highlands to tourists was Prince Albert's purchase of near-by Balmoral for Queen Victoria.

A DEEP-WATER HARBOUR FOR TANGANYIKA

The Opening of the Port of Mtwara, which, Together with its Railway, is a Useful Relic of the Groundnut Scheme



THE GOVERNOR AT THE OPENING CEREMONY : Sir Edward Twining, Governor of Tanganyika, at the opening of the port of Mtwara, in the Southern Province. Behind the Governor are, from left, Major-General W. D. A. Williams, Commissioner of Transport; Lieut.-Colonel T. Leahy; Mr. A. F. Kirby, General Manager of East African Railways; Mr. R. D. Gwyther, of Coode and Partners, Consulting Engineers; Mr. P. H. Hicks; Commander E. A. Nicholson, and Mr. D. S. Troup. Mtwara is the first deep-water harbour in the territory. Together with the Southern Province railway linking it with the interior, it was originally intended for the ground-nut scheme which was abandoned in 1951. The combined cost of port and railway is estimated at £6,500,000.

THE FIRST TRAIN ARRIVES AT THE PORT : The arrival of the train from Nachingwea, 132 miles in the interior, was the occasion for speech-making and celebration. It is possible that eventually the East African Railways may open up a line to Lake Nyasa and Central Africa.

BUILDING THE QUAY WALL : A 50-ton concrete grooved slice block being lifted clear of the pontoons before being lowered into position. The use of these enormous blocks, as compared with the more usual 7- or 8-ton blocks, is an unusual feature in the construction of the 1,248-ft. wall.

THE PORT OF MTWARA AS IT IS BEING MADE READY TO DEAL WITH OCEAN-GOING VESSELS : *On left*—A corner of the harbour as seen in 1949 before development, showing the slipway and beach where stores were landed. *On right*—Another air view of the port and the surrounding country, where small settlements are gradually coming into being. The harbour of Mtwara is pleasantly situated in a sleepy, deep lagoon, with wooded creeks and palm-fringed sands. It is a delightful place, open to the exhilarating breezes of the Indian Ocean. Mtwara lies 35 miles north of the Portuguese East African border and 245 miles south of Dar-es-Salaam.

This month's opening of the port of Mtwara by the Governor of Tanganyika may prove to have been a remarkable turning point in the history of East Africa. For Mtwara is Tanganyika's first deep-water harbour, and the growing prosperity which that could bring to the country can easily be imagined. The idea of the port began with the abortive ground-nut scheme of the Overseas Food Corporation. In order to transport what was anticipated to be an annual crop of 400,000 tons of groundnuts, railways had to be constructed and a deep-water berth found for shipping.

Mtwara, in the Southern Province, was preferred to the existing port of Lindi, which was, in fact, the outlet to the sea nearest to the groundnut area, for the physical characteristics of Lindi precluded its economic development into a major port, while Mtwara already possessed a fine entrance. The approaches to the port were such as to enable ships of any draught to enter or leave at any state of the tide, and it had a naturally protected anchorage which was to prove spacious enough to accommodate a large fleet of ships. Furthermore, the land immediately adjacent to the harbour was found eminently suitable for the building of port and rail installations and for the construction of a small township.

Work on the port was therefore begun in 1948, and it is something to the credit of the administrators concerned with Tanganyika that the project was not abandoned when the groundnut scheme fell through. The same applies to the Tanganyika Government's attitude towards the uncompleted railway, which had been begun to provide for the transportation of the crops from Nachingwea to Mtwara. The construction of the 132 miles of track was carried out under immense difficulties, which included heavy damage and considerable delay as the result of a cyclone in April 1952. Initially also, because steel or good hardwood was not available, poor wooden sleepers had to be used, which quickly proved to have a very short life, and the whole railway will now have to be relaid with steel sleepers at not inconsiderable cost. However, the main result of opening up good communications to hitherto untapped areas has been achieved. A tripartite agreement between the Overseas Food Corporation, the Tanganyika Government and the East African Railways and Harbours Administration secured the provision of funds to finish and continue this work. For some time to come both the port and the railway will obviously continue to run at a loss. But the enterprise is a monument to the faith of the administration in the potential development of the Southern Province, of Tanganyika, and of East Africa.

THE CRUISER "ADMIRAL USJAKOV" LEADS A SOVIET SQUADRON INTO STOCKHOLM: The new Russian warship moving up the Oxdjupet channel towards the Swedish capital. Coinciding with this courtesy visit—the first ever—a Swedish squadron called at Leningrad.

SALUTE FOR STOCKHOLM: Officers and ratings of the *Admiral Usjakov* salute as their cruiser enters Stockholm Harbour at the beginning of the Russian squadron's three-day courtesy visit. The Russian sailors impressed the people of Stockholm with their bearing and discipline. They were free with their cigarettes and courteous and restrained towards the girls. When they visited a display of Swedish national dancing at Skansan the Russians produced their own team, and amazed everybody with their almost professional perfection in executing their own national dances. There were parties and receptions at the City Hall for the sailors, while the warships were opened to the public. There was some criticism of the visit in Sweden, for many Swedes still recall the shooting down of one of their aircraft by the Russians last year. It appears, however, that the visit has come about as the result of an invitation extended by the Swedish Government some years ago, and though the Russians' sudden acceptance of it may have caused some embarrassment, the visit was without a doubt a success and of great interest.

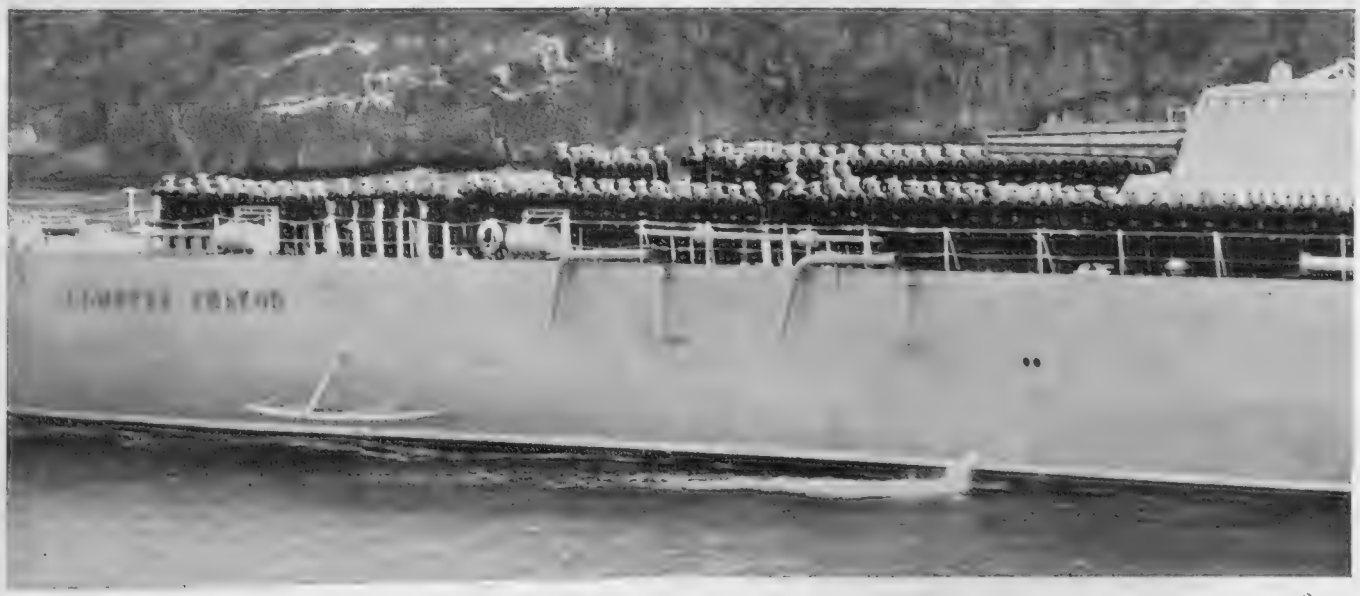
ONE OF THE SOVIET DESTROYERS: She was one of the vessels in the squadron which accompanied the cruiser. Many of the most recent Soviet destroyers are known only by their numbers, and very little information is available to the Western world about new warships in the Soviet Union. Rare visits like these to foreign ports provide the only opportunity of seeing something of the fleet of the Soviet Union.

A GLIMPSE AT THE RUSSIAN NAVY

The Visit of a Soviet Squadron to Stockholm provided a Rare Opportunity of Seeing Russian Sailors and their Vessels in Western Waters

On right—

LINING THE SIDES: The crew of the *Admiral Usjakov* lined up on the starboard side of the ship's afterdeck. The Russian sailors impressed the citizens of Stockholm with their smartness and their excellent behaviour, and visitors to the vessels found them well-disciplined.



RESTORATION WORK AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE : For the past two years artist-craftsmen of the Ministry of Works have been cleaning and restoring the paintings which William Kent carried out in 1735 to decorate the walls and ceilings of the Queen's State Staircase at Hampton Court Palace. *Above*—William McLeod, the senior artist, retouches a patch where the original painting has flaked off. The ceiling was badly obscured by dirty varnish, but now the original brilliance of the colouring is being revealed. The walls were covered with stretched canvases decorated with panels of trophies and ribbon designs with niches containing classical figures. These canvases were sagging and also obscured by dirty varnish; they have been restored and remounted on wood panels.

GREAT BUILDINGS— MAKING AND MENDING

Fifty Years' Work has been Completed on Liverpool Cathedral, and Restorations are in Progress at Hampton Court and Westminster Hall

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF BUILDING : An exterior view of the cathedral, showing work in progress on the first bay of the nave. Nearly a third of the nave is now rising above the cleared floor area. The cathedral is being built to the design of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., and, when it is completed, it will be the largest cathedral in the country. To mark the fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone, three special services were held. At the morning service the Archbishop of York said: "It is in this age of rapid change and to a perplexed and bewildered generation that the cathedral has a message. In an age of change this cathedral, by its strength and majesty, bears witness to the permanence of the Christian faith."

AT WORK ON THE CEILING : A general view of the Ministry of Works artists touching up the ceiling of the Queen's State Staircase at Hampton Court. In the centre of the ceiling is a moulded panel bearing the design of the Garter Badge. The work of restoring it is now near completion.

A RESTORER FROM FRANCE : Mlle Odile Brisbois is a young Frenchwoman employed in the Ministry of Works restoring team. She can be seen cleaning a corner of the coving which shows the Royal Cipher of George II.

INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL : An interior view from the corona gallery, looking down on to the choir. The design has been considerably modified since its first preparation in 1901, when the architect was only in his twenty-first year. The cathedral, dominating Merseyside, is already an imposing landmark.

A CRACKED BEAM : The foreman of the party working on Westminster Hall's roof points out a crack to a workman. During earlier restorations a beam was replaced because death-watch beetles had eaten into it a cavity big enough to hold a man.

FIGHTING THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE IN WESTMINSTER HALL : Experts are carrying out one of their periodic campaigns against the death-watch beetle, which has been eating away the oak timbers of the fourteenth-century hammerbeam roof for many years. *Above*—A workman treats one of the roof beams with a preservative. Work on the rafters began in 1913 and, although many of the great rafters have been replaced, the beetle has never been totally eliminated. The Hall is one of London's most ancient buildings and the most notable remaining part of the old Palace of Westminster. The original building was completed in 1097 for William Rufus ; the famous roof was added during 1394-99 by Richard II, who also at that time added the north porch and towers.

MORE WATER FOR NORTH LONDON

The New Reservoir at Aldenham, Hertfordshire, is Pictured During the Early Days of Construction

A new reservoir is now under construction at Hillfield Park, Aldenham, in Hertfordshire. The site lies in a natural valley close to the main Watford by-pass and adjoining Elstree Aerodrome. The reservoir is being built for the Colne Valley Water Company, who aim to supplement supplies to the new housing and industrial areas on the outskirts of North London.

When completed, the reservoir is expected to have a capacity of 500,000,000 gallons, with a daily pumping capacity of 10,000,000. It will cover 116 acres, and will be 50 ft. deep in some places. It will store water during the winter months for use in the summer, and will in every way be able to make a full contribution to the water supply of North London. Besides the reservoir itself, there is the dam at the head of the valley, which has a puddle-clay core and contains over 550,000 tons of ballast. There is also the concrete bridge and valve tower and the pumping station, all of which will add to the change in the landscape which the new reservoir is bound to effect. The estimated cost of the whole project is £750,000, and engineers hope to begin filling the reservoir with water later this year. It is expected to be ready for service in 1956.

PREPARING A SITE FOR THE NEW RESERVOIR : Excavation in progress at Aldenham, Hertfordshire for the pumping station. When completed the station will house a plant capable of pumping water at the rate of 10,000,000 gallons a day to the outskirts of London.

THE TUNNEL IN THE EARLIEST STAGES OF CONSTRUCTION : Through this tunnel will pass the pipes which are to carry water from the reservoir to the pumping station. The cast-iron segments which are shown in this picture were originally used in one of London's underground railways.

WORKING ON THE SLOPE OF THE RESERVOIR DAM : Top soil, which has been tipped from lorries, is seen being spread by a bulldozer on the 1 in 2 gradient of the downward slope of the reservoir dam. In the background are the buildings of Hillfield House.

AS THE RESERVOIR TAKES SHAPE : Concrete blocks being laid on the upstream slope of the dam. The blocks are laid on a bed of gravel 12 ins. thick, so that concrete and gravel can prevent erosion of the dam. *On left*—The bridge and valve tower as seen from the bed of the reservoir. Scaffolding is being erected to enable another bellmouth pipe, on the ground at the foot of the scaffolding, to be built into the hole in the tower wall. Water from the reservoir will be drawn off by means of pipes built into the tower.

JUST AFTER THE START—THE X CLASS RACING AT COWES: Well reefed in the rough and tumble of a beat to windward, the yachts plunge forward. In the close tacking along the shore seen in this picture, numbers 39 and 77, in the centre have the right of way, as they are sailing on the starboard tack whilst the others are on the port tack. Although thirty years old, the boats of the X Class are as popular as ever.

THE STIRRING SIGHT OF A SCHOONER IN SAIL: The Hon. Max Aitken's schooner *Lumberjack*, well sailed and handled, is a welcome sight at any regatta. This year she has won the Poole to Hamble race, the Royal Southern Yacht Club's race across the Channel to Le Havre, and also the Princess Elizabeth Cup organised by the Royal Household Brigade Yacht Club. *The yachting pictures on these pages are by Beken of Cowes*

The Yachting Year

THE PROSPECTS FOR COWES WEEK

The Setting for Next Week's Great Races

By UFFA FOX

FOR over 100 years Cowes has been the Mecca for the amateur sailing man, for, in the warmer months of the summer, the general direction of the wind is south-westerly, and then it is that the Isle of Wight forms a natural breakwater and the port of Cowes and Cowes Roads are a safe and sheltered anchorage.

From here courses can be laid out to the east and west ranging over some thirty miles of fairly sheltered water and, for vessels that can endure it, a race round the Isle of Wight.

So it is quite normal for the yachtsman to turn his thoughts towards Cowes for the first week of August, where, once on the Isle of Wight, he looks towards England and, in fine weather, sees the Solent sea green with a blue sky above—a rare sight, for generally the sea takes its colour from the sky. On stormy days he often sees great rain clouds marching over England while the island is still bathed in sunshine; but, no matter what the weather, all who attend enjoy Cowes Week—whether they are on the shore watching or afloat taking part in the races—the day is full of interest, with each and every helmsman and crew trying their utmost to conjure every ounce of speed out of their vessel. They are driving along with natural and practically invisible elements, the winds of heaven, the waves of the sea and the tidal streams—races which last for hours are only won by seconds, valuable seconds wrested from these invisible elements.

For a great many years the pattern of Cowes Week has remained unchanged, and since the 1939 to 1945 war all the yachts taking part have been a great deal smaller and with a far greater number of starters in each class. This itself sets a problem to the officers of the day, who are in control of the various days' racing.

Twenty-seven years ago, when the Prince of Wales Cup Race for the International Fourteen-Footers started, it was decided that there would be no eliminating races, so that all who wished could go in for what is still to-day virtually the championship of open boat sailing at sea. We on the committee realise that, because of the large field, it would be impossible for the officers of the day to

(*Continued on following page*)

FLYING FIFTEENS IN A LIGHT BREEZE: The mainsail and jib of these light and lively thoroughbred boats, here seen sailing close under the guns of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, are the same as that used on the International 14-ft. dinghies.

YACHTSMEN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD GATHER AT COWES: The handsome schooner in the foreground is *Bellatrix*, which is owned by the Portuguese Ambassador, Senhor Pedro T. Pereira. Senhor Pereira sailed his schooner to Cowes, and has spent much of this summer in the Solent. In the background at left is the minesweeper *Pickle*.

OVERCOMING HER RATING AS WELL AS THE ELEMENTS: The Household Brigade Yacht Club's *Gladeye*, here seen at Cowes, is sailed extremely well in all the cruising races, but the speed of her hull is rated heavily, and it is seldom that she can overcome the punishment on overhangs in vessels like this one.

PROSPECTS for COWES WEEK

(*Continued from previous page*)

recall any boats over the line at the start—so, instead of allotting recall numbers, which would have been impossible to hoist with such a large fleet, a rule was made which said there would be no recall, but any boat over the line at the start would be disqualified. This sort of rule is being brought more and more into play as the fleets of racing vessels get larger, but an extra warning gun is fired to denote vessels over the line, and it is then their duty to return, not the officer of the day to recall them.

Sailing at Cowes calls for a great deal of knowledge and judgment, as it does in all places where the tidal streams run strongly. For, in all open competition, it is found that the best helmsman and crew come from places such as Plymouth, Torpoint, Exmouth, Itchenor, Lowestoft, the Solway, Northern Ireland and the Clyde. All these places have one vital thing in common with the Solent, and that is, that all have fairly strong tidal streams which keep a helmsman and crew on their toes the whole time: no two days are alike, for even if the wind is the same the tide will be different.

Off Cowes the ebb tide turns to the westward 1½ hours before the official high water and runs westward for six hours, after which the flood tides begin to make, and this runs to the eastward for some six hours. So, when working against the tide, vessels work close along the shores and, when they have a fair tide, they work the middle of the channels—as the tide runs fastest in the deep water: but the strength and the direction of wind has to be borne in mind throughout, as the stronger the wind and the higher the speed of the boat, the less important the tide becomes. High water is approximately three-quarters of an hour later every day, and in the beginning of Cowes Week it is high water at 1.30 p.m. and the west-going stream will be running from noon until 6 p.m.; but, by the end of the week the tide will have changed almost six hours, and so, on the last day, instead of running to the westward from noon until 6 p.m., it will be running eastward from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m.

Cowes Week opens, as usual, with the Royal Southampton Yacht Club's race from the Royal Yacht Squadron line on Saturday, July 31. Last year the Royal Thames (who until then had no place in Cowes Week) tried the experiment of luffing in a Regatta on the first Sunday of August and are doing so again this year, and once again are courteous enough to start and finish all the races for this Regatta without guns, for flags are the signals to start and the guns only to draw attention to them.

Monday, August 2 (Bank Holiday), is always taken by the Royal London Yacht Club, which, like other clubs, uses the Royal Yacht Squadron line through the kindness of its Flag Officers. Their programme is typical of the week, and it will take them three hours to start all the racers, beginning with the 30-ft. and over vessels at ten o'clock in the forenoon eastward round the Isle of Wight. The instructions for the course are brief, "Round the Isle of Wight, leaving it to starboard"—refreshing simplicity these days when every instruction and everybody is so voluble that it seems that most vaccinations are injected by a gramophone needle, which infects everyone with garrulousness. In the old days we had ten commandments, which could be uttered in ten minutes—but now the laws are so long that man could spend his whole life without having read them all.

TWO FINE OCEAN-GOING YACHTS: *Jocasta* chasing away before the wind, with *Lutine* to windward. This year *Jocasta* won the race from Cowes to Spain, and *Lutine*, the Lloyd's Yacht Club vessel, has raced across the Atlantic in previous years. These lovely yachts are a great joy to watch as they sail round the marks off Cowes.

This start is followed by 24- to 30-ft. vessels; 19- to 24-ft. vessels; Q Class; 5.5 Metres; Dragons; International One Design Class; Under 19 ft. rating; Sunbeams; Swallows; Redwings; Flying Fifteens; X Class; Yarmouth One Design; Victory Class; R.N.S.; Island and 14-ft. dinghies; and finishing with Service whalers at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Then in the evening they are giving three races for the Olympic class Stars; Fins; the 12 metres; Sharpies, and also the Scows.

Tuesday is the first Regatta of the week for the Royal Yacht Squadron, the world's leading yacht club, and they take the larger classes to the Swallows, and all the vessels below this are started from the Royal London Yacht Club from their own clubhouse and line 50 yards away. This is the pattern of Wednesday and Thursday, as on each of these days the Island Sailing Club give races for all the classes that the Squadron does not.

Friday the Cowes Town Regatta starts the smaller of the classes from their line 75 yards to the westward of the Royal Yacht Squadron line.

In the afternoon there are rowing races and races for all the Navy boats. There are swimming races and shore sports, and so there are all the ingredients that went into the old Town Regattas.

Then, on Friday night, the firework display which fills the sea front of Cowes with people from all parts.

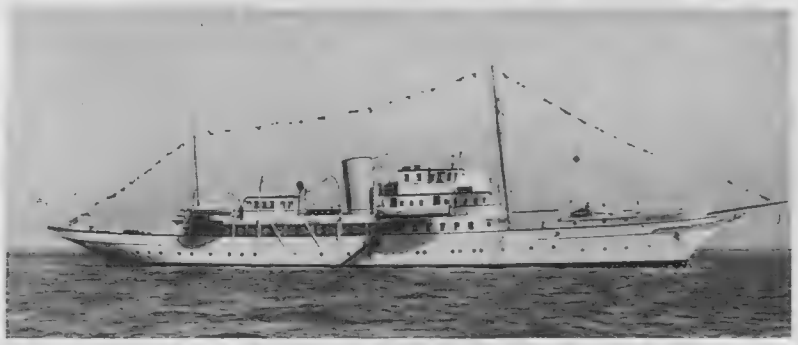
Finally, the week ends with the Royal Southern starting off the classes from the largest to the smallest from the Royal Yacht Squadron line.

Meantime, ashore and afloat, there are dinners, dances, champagne and cocktail parties given by all the clubs and the owners—so, by the end of the week, everyone has had many hours of fast and exciting sailing, also a great many hours of quiet gentle weather with time to contemplate all the loveliness and the laws of life.

YARMOUTH ONE DESIGNS: These sturdy little craft, seen as they raced in last year's regatta at Cowes, have much the same characteristics as the X-Class yachts. They are some thirty years old, but each year new boats are built in this class. They get their name from the sailing port of Yarmouth, which lies towards the western end of the Isle of Wight.

STRUGGLING WITH A STAR-CLASS YACHT: Mr. Roy Mitchell's *Twinkle* well heeled to the breeze, an example of the difficulty Star sailors have to keep their vessels on even keel once there is any heart in the wind. The Stars carry nearly double the sail area normal for British waters, which is one of the reasons they are so popular in the warmer countries, where the wind is lighter.

ONE OF THE NEW POST-WAR CLASSES: Yachts of the National Swallow Class, which will fight out its battles throughout Cowes Week. The Swallows are 20 ft. in waterline, and have lead keels and 200 ft. of sail. They give their owners a great deal of sport.



A POWER CRAFT WHICH HAS GRACED COWES ROADS FOR MANY YEARS: The Royal Yacht Squadron's steam yacht *Virginia* lying in the Roads. For many years this graceful 692-ton vessel, which has all the most modern installations on board, has been an outstanding object of admiration during Cowes Week.

FIGHTING IT OUT IN A SOLENT CHOP: The winner of this duel between two Dragons immediately had to contend with the yacht to windward—typical of the competition in this class.

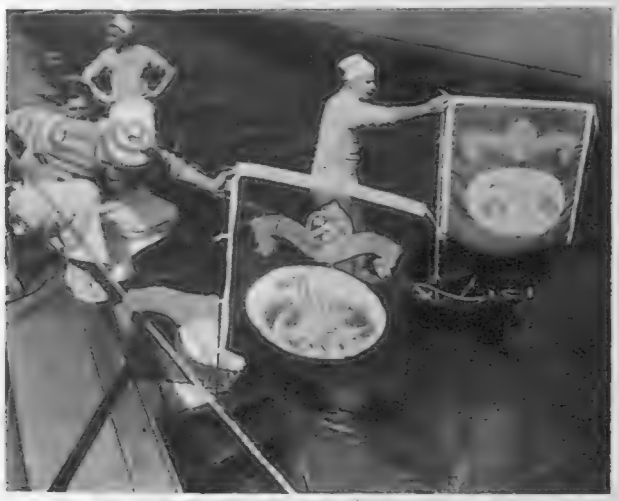
HEADING FOR THE FINISHING LINE: *Marqueza*, steered by her owner, Mr. Cyril Windeler, is seen being pushed along as she chases away for the finish off Cowes. Mr. Windeler is Commodore of the Island Sailing Club, one of the clubs participating in Cowes Week, the highlight of the yachting year.

TRADITIONS—in the NORTH and the SOUTH

A VILLAGE CHARTER IN YORKSHIRE; SWAN-UPPING ON THE THAMES; AND A HERRING QUEEN IN SCOTLAND

A YEARLY TRADITION IN YORKSHIRE—READING THE CHARTER OF THE SEAMER FAYRE AT THE VILLAGE OF SEAMER: Mr. Tom Harrison, of Seamer, is seen reading out the Charter at the White Horse Inn, one of the five places in the village where the custom takes place each year on St. Swithin's Day.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR COINS AFTER THE CHARTER HAS BEEN READ: The Charter, which grants certain privileges to the residents of Seamer, was granted by King Richard II in 1337, and among the concessions it contains is that the villagers may hold one fair annually for the purposes of buying and selling. This year, as usual, the Charter was read on St. Swithin's Day by Mr. Tom Harrison, who has performed this task for the past forty-six years, and whose family have held the position for nearly 200 years. The Charter is read at five appointed places in the village, and the reader is always accompanied by a Crier, who, this year, was Mr. Fred Chalmers, an eighty-seven-year-old retired farmer, who has acted as Crier for forty-three years. After the five readings, the Lord of the Manor of Seamer, Mr. J. Bamford, a local fish merchant, throws handfuls of copper coins to the assembled villagers, and the ceremony always ends with a spirited scramble for this money.



MEN OF THE VINTNERS' AND DYERS' COMPANIES SET UP THEIR PENNANTS BEFORE SETTING OFF FOR THE TRADITIONAL CEREMONY OF SWAN-UPPING: Some of the swans in the upper reaches of the River Thames belong to the Dyers' Company or the Vintners' Company, but two-thirds belong to the Queen, and these are unmarked. The Swan-Uppers travel up the Thames every year in order to round up the new swans and mark them to show whether they belong to one of the two companies or to the Queen. One nick is made on the right side of a swan's beak if it is a Dyers' bird, and two nicks on the left side if it belongs to the Vintners. According to tradition, the swans on the Thames are descended from the tame birds introduced from Cyprus in the days of King Richard I.

THE BOATS SET OUT FOR THE TRADITIONAL TASK OF MARKING SWANS ON THE RIVER THAMES: The scene as the Swan-Uppers approach Waterloo Bridge during their journey upstream. The men wear traditional uniform for this ceremony, which has changed little throughout four or five hundred years.

A FISHERMEN'S QUEEN LEAVES FOR HER "CORONATION": With a fishing boat as her coach, fifteen-year-old Kathleen Dougal waves as she leaves St. Abb's, in Berwickshire, Scotland, for near-by Eyemouth, where the ceremony was to take place. With the Queen are her Maids of Honour, and her Lady-in-Waiting, Mrs. W. Burgon. Kathleen Dougal, whose official title is Eyemouth Herring Queen, was escorted into Eyemouth Harbour by decorated fishing vessels, and welcomed with blasts on ships' sirens.

THE CROWNING OF A HERRING QUEEN: The scene as Kathleen Dougal receives her crown. Many holiday makers were among the crowds who watched the ceremony, which is carried out by the retiring Queen. The custom of crowning a Herring Queen at Eyemouth dates back several centuries.

NEW ENGLAND IN OULD IRELAND: Inhabitants of Youghal, County Cork, look on as film carpenters set about transforming their waterfront into that of New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1850, when it was the world's foremost whaling station. It is being used as a location for Elstree Pictures' production of *Moby Dick*—Herman Melville's classic about the hunt for a white whale. John Huston, the director, could not use the real New Bedford as a location because it is now too modernised. Youghal was Sir Walter Raleigh's first landfall after his 1551 voyage of exploration to the Americas, and, in return, a grateful Queen Elizabeth gave him Youghal and Cork City and some 40,000 acres around them. In the film, the part of Captain Ahab, the scarred, one-legged whaling captain who is obsessed with the idea of hunting down the whale that mutilated him, is taken by Gregory Peck.

NEW BEDFORD IN IRELAND

The Old Port of Youghal, in County Cork, has been turned by a Film Company into a Replica of New Bedford, Massachusetts, as it was in 1850

A NEW LOOK FOR YOUGHAL: Townspeople take a look at the false fronts on familiar buildings and the loads of barrels at the quayside; in the background are the masts of sailing ships, planted for effect only—there are no hulls below them. The barrels, representing casks of whale-oil, were lent by the Guinness brewery. All but one were empty, the exception holding 104 gallons of stout as a present for the film-makers. *On right*—A local fisherman chats with studio painters working on the false front which hides Youghal's court house.

EXPERT ADVICE: John Huston, the director, and his wife get information on salmon nets from Michael Buttimer, member of a fishing family which has lived in Youghal for generations. Many local characters will be used as extras.

The latest, and probably the most ambitious, production to be embarked on by film director John Huston is a colour version of Herman Melville's whaling classic *Moby Dick*. The exterior and location shooting started earlier this month at Youghal, County Cork, and Fishguard, South Wales.

The difficulties have been considerable. First, New Bedford, Massachusetts, once the principal whaling port in the world and scene of parts of the book, was no longer suitable as a location. In the hundred years since Melville set his novel there, New Bedford has lost its former character; too many neon signs now illuminate its waterfront.

Youghal, an old seaport not far from Cork, has now been transformed into the New Bedford of the 1840's and 1850's. Film carpenters have been hard at work building false fronts for the houses on Youghal's waterfront.

Another problem was to find a sailing ship which could be made to look like an authentic whaler of the 1840 period. This was solved by buying the *Hispaniola*—the ship that Walt Disney built specially for the film of *Treasure Island*. Until recently the ship was at Scarborough, where it was being used as a holiday attraction. Since then it has been sent to Hull for conversion into a three-masted schooner—the whaling ship *Pequod*. The harbour at Youghal has had to be dredged in order to take the 10-ft. draught of the *Pequod* and other craft.

Though outwardly the ship will look authentic to the last detail, inside it is a strange sight. Modern make-up rooms have been installed and also departments for wardrobe, hairdressing and production. Kitchens have also been installed to feed the unit while on location.

One problem that was still being experimented with last week was that of a substitute for Moby Dick himself—the 90-ft. white whale, with the scars of previous harpoon encounters on his massive back, who fights, as it were, a personal battle with Captain Ahab and his crew.

Ahab, the scar-faced whaling captain with a whalebone leg to replace one lost in a previous encounter with Moby Dick, is played by Gregory Peck. The British actor Leo Genn plays Starbuck, the mate, and the young American actor Richard Basehart plays the part of the seaman Ishmael.

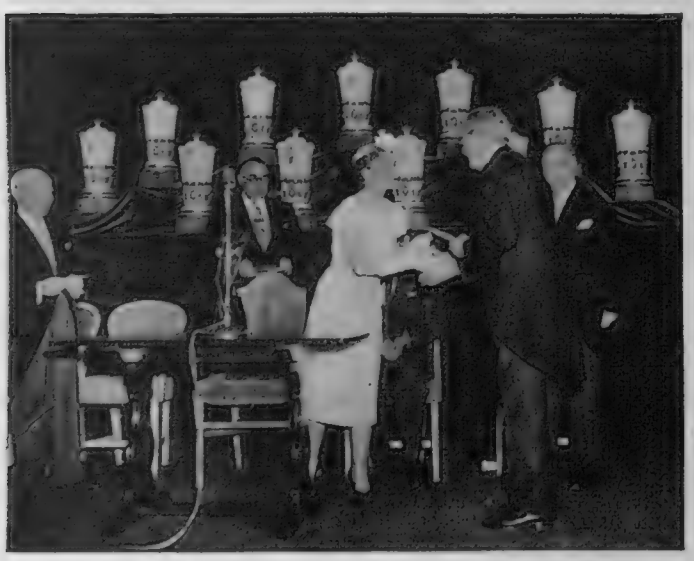
THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A Survey of Recent Events in London and the South of England

On left—

THE DUCHESS OF KENT VISITS H.M.S. "CENTAUR": She went to Spithead last week to attend the dedication service on board the ship, one of Britain's newest aircraft-carriers. The Duchess is seen taking the salute of the ship's company as they march past her on the flight deck; in the background is the ship's Royal Marines band. The Duchess had launched the ship in Belfast in April 1947. Centaur was completed last year and is one of the lighter types of carrier: she has a displacement of 18,300 tons and carries forty-five aircraft. Her overall length is 737 ft., her full complement 1,400.

A SCHOOL CENTENARY: Cameras are whipped out as Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother tours the grounds of Cheltenham Ladies' College. She was on a private visit to the college for the end of its centenary year celebrations. The school is a pioneer establishment among girls' public boarding schools and its success dates from the appointment of Dorothea Beale as Principal in 1858. Later, before the 900 pupils, the Queen Mother paid tribute to "the revered name of Miss Beale."



PRESENTATION TO COMMONWEALTH MINISTERS: The Duchess of Gloucester presents a plaque to Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, representative of the Mother Country, England, during a ceremony in which all the Commonwealth countries were given plaques and replicas of the "Queen's Vase." The vase was given to the Queen by the British Pottery Manufacturers' Association to celebrate her Coronation. The replicas, made from fine bone china, symbolise the unity of the Commonwealth.

A POTENTIAL RECORD: Seen on its trials at Spithead is the *Ebb and Flo*, a remarkable craft designed by a naval architect, thirty-three-year-old Mr. Thomas Tothill, who has based his creation on the speedy catamarans (two 100-ft.-long war canoes lashed together) that were used by the Polynesians, hundreds of years ago. Designed as an ocean-going cruiser, *Ebb and Flo* (each of the two hulls has its own name) weighs 4 tons. It has more space on deck as well as below, and, claims the designer, will not overturn. With her twin masts of hollow spruce, 45-ft. tall, carrying full sail, Mr. Tothill is hoping that she will become the fastest sailing-craft in the world. It is intended to attack the present record of 23 knots, and there will be attempts to make record times over distances of 10 to 100 miles.

THE FUTURE OF THE GRANGE, FULHAM, TO BE DECIDED : This old house, built in 1713 and rich in literary associations, was the subject of a recent public inquiry in Fulham. It belongs to Fulham Council, who want to build flats on the site, but the Ministry of Housing has made a draft order to preserve the building ; the Council are appealing against the order. The house has been occupied in the past by Samuel Richardson, the novelist, who wrote his early works there, and Burne-Jones, who built a studio in the garden. The inquiry's result will be made known in about six weeks.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESIDES AT THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL MEETING : With Captain Lord Teynham, Chairman of the A.A. Committee, the Duke walks into the Savoy Hotel to salutes from a couple of A.A. patrolmen. At the Press luncheon the Duke, who is President of the A.A., spoke on the urgent need to find an answer to the parking problem.

A NEW MECHANISED FARMING CENTRE : A tractor-drawn mowing machine is being demonstrated to farmers in the grounds of Boreham House, Essex, which has been taken over by the Ford Motor Company to house their mechanised farming centre. There are 70 acres of demonstration grounds round the house and week-end courses on farm mechanisation are held for members of the Young Farmers' Clubs and the National Farmers' Union. The house, built in the early eighteenth century, was once the home of Warren Hastings.

ARCHERY CHAMPIONSHIPS AT OXFORD : Competitors walk to the targets to draw their arrows during the British Senior Archery Championships, which were held last week on the cricket ground of Worcester College. The sport's popularity is increasing.

SALOME DANCES AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE, LONDON : Agnes Bernelle, in the name-part of Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, is seen at the dress rehearsal doing the famous Dance of the Seven Veils. This study in decadence at times becomes nearly ludicrous, and the play found little favour with the critics. It was first produced in Paris sixty years ago with the great Sarah Bernhardt in the lead. It has been rarely revived since its first London performance in 1905 and was never very popular.

COACHING FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON : The *Red Rover*, driven by Mr. Saunders Watney, leaves Burford Bridge Hotel, Bexhill, Surrey, after changing horses. One of Britain's most famous old coaches, the *Red Rover* was taking a message from the Lord Mayor of London to the Mayor of Brighton, Alderman W. G. Dudeney ; this year is the centenary of Brighton as a municipal borough. Now owned by Watneys, the brewers, the coach was the last one to compete on a regular route with the railway. It was doing this in 1843, when it ran a service between Fleet Street and Southampton.

SCIENCE AIDS THE DOG-OWNER

The Use of a New Chlorophyll Preparation May Solve a Major Canine Problem

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IN the past, whenever I have been asked whether I would recommend a dog or a bitch as a household pet—and it is a question I am asked many times every year—I have always, unless I have known the would-be owner very well indeed, recommended a dog. And you have only to glance at the dog literature, which is enormous, incidentally, to be convinced that this is precisely the advice that all so-called experts must give. All the dog books, which are designed for the ordinary reader, ignore bitches. If they are mentioned at all, they are simply mentioned in passing. When advice is given about bitches, then it is advice about the brood bitch : in other words, that book is designed for the reader who is in the business or who is thinking of going in for dog-breeding as a business. The ordinary dog book simply takes it for granted that the reader will own a dog.

The reason for this is, of course, obvious. Everyone who has ever owned a bitch—indeed, everyone who has ever lived in the same road as a bitch—will know only too well that twice a year a bitch can be a terrible nuisance and worry. It really is not funny to find cohorts of strange canines congregating on your lawn, galloping about over your flower-beds, ruining your best plants, taking up permanent residence in the porch and defying all attempts to dislodge them. It is not funny to be woken up night after night by some strange dog howling on your doorstep. And equally there is not much peace to be had in owning a dog at such times. I once had a small Cairn Terrier, who possessed a quite remarkable nose, an indefatigable spirit and a loud and distinctive howl. Many is the time I have been rung up on winter nights by the owners of bitches requesting me to come and remove my part of the choir. It is not easy to keep a terrier within bounds on such occasions.

Undoubtedly it is for reasons such as these that most people buy dog-puppies. And it is because of the difficulty in looking after bitches at these critical times that they are so rarely recommended as household pets. As a result countless numbers of bitch-puppies are destroyed at birth every year. That is only one tragic aspect of it. Even worse, perhaps, is the fact that every year bitch-puppies, which until then have been the delight of the family, are turned loose by heartless owners as soon as they grow up and show signs of becoming a nuisance. They may live, unwanted and uncared-for, for a few weeks as strays.

It is all the more tragic because, broadly speaking, bitches make better companions and better household pets than dogs. They are far less quarrelsome than dogs: they are far less interested in scrounging expeditions and extraneous scents (it is worth while remembering that dogs are in season all the year round !), and they are, therefore, much more inclined to stay at home. And, at home, they are quieter—but equally efficient as guard dogs ; indeed, perhaps better, since they are less prone to bark at every noise—very much cleaner in their habits and much more patient with children.

I think myself that they are also much better out-of-doors. As a general rule, a bitch is a good deal easier to train than a dog and is certainly at least equally intelligent. Furthermore, since they are free from many of the outside interests that beset a dog, they are capable of much greater powers of concentration. I would always prefer a bitch to a dog as a gundog, whether retriever or spaniel. The best dogs I have known for rough shooting have been bitch spaniels. And conversation with working shepherds has convinced me that most of them prefer bitches for their work.

It is true that you do not see many bitches in the shooting field. The reason is, of course, this twice yearly interference of Nature. It is very upsetting to have to leave a really good gundog behind on a special occasion because of it, and so most shooting men concentrate on dogs, for if you were to take a bitch in season on to the shooting field you would not only disrupt the sport, you would take behind you a motley army of village mongrels. Few men will face that.

But now the picture has been completely changed. It has recently been found that a chlorophyllin preparation, given either in tablet form or crushed in milk regularly during the œstrus cycle, renders the bitch completely unattractive to dogs.

Chlorophyll is the green colouring matter of plants. Crude extracts of Chlorophyll have been used for a very long time as medicines. And in recent years, because of the similarity of Chlorophyll to the hæmoglobin in the blood, they have also been used as tonics. But it was only during the last war that the deodorant properties of certain Chlorophyll extracts were discovered during the treatment of wounds with ointments or lotions containing water-soluble Chlorophyll. Since then, of course, they have been used a great deal, especially perhaps by dentists, for such conditions as Halitosis. They are effective for some other human conditions as well, but we are all much too nice to talk about them, despite the strenuous efforts of certain American advertisers.

However, there is really no need for this admirable reticence when we come to consider odours in other animals. We can, surely, discuss them objectively.

Actually the development in the use of Chlorophyll referred to above has been known for some two years—it was first mentioned in *The Veterinary Record* in 1952—but Penicillin was known for many years before its uses were widely understood and accepted. It is not the first use of Chlorophyll in this respect that is so important ; it is the experiments and tests which have taken place since the first use that are important. These have proved that one chlorophyllin preparation, if properly used, is effective beyond one's wildest dreams in the protection of bitches in season.

Above and on right—

GUNDOGS ARE AMONG THE MANY TYPES WHICH STAND TO BENEFIT FROM THE TREATMENT DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE : These two pictures are of the International Gundog League Retriever Society's Championships held last year at Sutton Scotney, in Hampshire. Bitches make very good gundogs, but, until now, have not been favoured for this task, as they have to be kept in twice a year during the œstrus cycle.

But I must stress the " one." There are a number of chlorophyllin preparations, and their deodorant powers vary with the way in which they are processed. The "one" is the ultra-violet ray activated special chlorophyllin tablet, produced by the Gordon Young process at the Ashe Laboratories at Leatherhead.

A bitch in season is attractive to dogs because of an odour. This odour is not perceptible to human beings—ordinarily at any rate—but it is perceptible to dogs over a considerable distance, as every dog-owner must know from his own experience. Indeed, to human beings it is quite uncanny how dogs do know.

Now, the sex odour in bitches in season is produced constantly within the system, and this means, of course, that equally constant and regular doses of the tablets are necessary. It is not the slightest use giving a few and then leaving them off, thinking that the job has been done. The œstrus cycle in bitches lasts for about three weeks (exceptionally for a few days longer) and it is absolutely essential that the treatment should continue regularly for the same length of time. Indeed, if possible (and with a conscientious owner it should always be possible), it is better to start giving the tablets a few days before the season actually begins—as soon as swelling of the vulva can be seen.

The size of the dose will vary, of course, with the individual bitch, and will also vary with the individual from season to season, since the intensity of the odour will very rarely be precisely the same in consecutive seasons. In normal circumstances one tablet at a time is all that is necessary, but some bitches will require only one tablet every six hours, some one tablet every five hours, some a tablet every three or four hours. Perhaps, as a mean, one might say four a day. But the onus is on the owner. If there is failure, it is not the tablets but the owner that is at fault. The owner has got to exercise his powers of observation. The behaviour of passing dogs will be sufficient guide as to whether the dose is correct or should be stepped up in frequency or increased in size. But the beauty of these tablets is that it does not matter in the least if you have to increase the frequency of the dose or its size. They are absolutely harmless. And, remembering this, it is always a good thing to regard the dose of the previous season as the minimum for the current one, for this will assist in taking care of any increase there may be in the intensity of the odour.

There are one or two other points which should be remembered. It is obvious that during the night there is a long period of time without dosing. Greater precautions are, therefore, necessary in the morning. Obviously a tablet last thing at night is essential. Even so, the bedding may become tainted overnight. It is, therefore, a good idea to sponge the hindquarters and flanks every morning, using one tablet dissolved in a little warm water. Then if a tablet is given an hour or so before a walk, there should be no trouble.

If you have dogs in the house, then obviously you will have to take rather stricter precautions, especially during the peak period which is, normally, from the eighth to the fifteenth day. Regular sponging and spraying of the bedding, using the same solution, are essential in such a case. And, for the peak period, the dose should be doubled and given more frequently. In fact, whether there are dogs in the house or not, it is a good thing to double the dose during the peak period.

The only other point to remember (but a very important one) is to make sure that the animal does, in fact, swallow the whole dose. For this reason it is better, I think, to give the tablets whole and not crushed in milk. Crushed in milk, a little may well stick to the side of the bowl. Giving a tablet to a dog is not difficult, once you know how, and the animal soon becomes accustomed to regular dosing such as this, and takes it as a matter of course.

It may be asked if the regular intake of these tablets will prevent mating, when mating is desired by the owner. It may even be asked if in the long run they will prevent mating altogether. The answer to both questions is an emphatic "No." The mating instinct is not killed in the bitch : all that happens is that the invitation to the dog is masked. Bitches are, indeed, sometimes quite nonplussed at the indifference shown by dogs. If it is desired to mate a bitch, all that is necessary is to discontinue the tablets for twenty-four hours beforehand. Give the tablets again immediately afterwards, and there will be no further trouble. It will readily be appreciated what an enormous boon these tablets are to breeders, and, of course, many of them are using them regularly.

They are also of inestimable value to exhibitors. It is now possible to show a bitch in full season. I know of an Alsatian bitch and a Golden Retriever bitch, each of which, when in full season, was benched between dogs at a show. In neither case did the dogs show the least interest, being perfectly content to make the normal casual acquaintance and then to pay no further attention.

But, of course, the value outside what may be termed the professional dog world is even greater. This is especially the case with working dogs, most of whose owners have jobs to do and cannot afford the time necessary to look after a bitch in season, cannot for that matter afford the fortnight to three weeks which must be lost from work twice every year by the bitch in season, and certainly cannot afford unwanted puppies. For dogs such as guide dogs for the blind, sheepdogs and gundogs (and for their owners) the value of this new development is beyond computation.

Yet, undoubtedly, the greatest boon of all is for the ordinary dog-owner with no specialised knowledge and no specialised interests, for him and his bitch. These tablets are going to save untold misery to bitches, who are, as it is—though often with the very best of intentions—too frequently confined for anything up to three weeks without proper exercise. They are going to save their owners from a great deal of worry, for they are, as it is, always wondering if the animal has got out and are always shooing away the army of " followers " lying in ambush at the gate. They are also going to save a vast amount of cruelty in the dog world. It is this humane aspect which is, I think, the most important of all.

But—let there be no doubt about it—the Chlorophyll preparation is going to have a tremendous impact on the whole dog world. And a wholly beneficial one.

NEWS FROM THE COUNTIES

A Ceremony in Devonshire; Gliding in Derbyshire; a Friendly Seal in Norfolk; and a Clay Pigeon Shoot in Middlesex

GENERAL GRUENTHER AT A CEREMONY IN SOUTH DEVON: A general view of the unveiling ceremony at Slapton Sands of the memorial commemorating the villagers of places around Slapton Sands who moved out of their homes so that United States troops could use the area for rehearsals for the Normandy landings during the war. Speaking after the unveiling of the memorial to mark the tenth anniversary of the Normandy landings, General Gruenther confirmed rumours, which had been circulating among the villagers since their evacuation. He told them that just before the landings an enemy submarine broke through the defences and sank three invasion craft, killing some hundreds of American troops.

GENERAL GRUENTHER TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE CEREMONY AT SLAPTON SANDS: The memorial was presented by the United States Army authorities as a tribute to the people who left their homes during the war so that the Army could carry out manœuvres.

On right—

A GRANDMOTHER GOES UP IN A SAIL PLANE: Mrs. Mabel Harwood, aged eighty-six, of Surbiton, Surrey, is seen being strapped into the cockpit of the sail plane, in which she made her first flight during a lull in the World Gliding Championships at Great Hucklow. Beside her in the cockpit is Mr. W. Kahn, of the Surrey Gliding Club, who piloted Mrs. Harwood, and on the right is Major J. E. G. Harwood, her son, who is also a member of the club. The Gliding Championships were hampered by bad weather during the first week.

A SEAL WHICH LIKES HUMAN COMPANY: The young silver seal, which has been named "Billy," is seen about to eat a piece of bread at the home of one of his many friends at Mundesley, in Norfolk. For over a week attempts were made to put Billy back into the sea: he was dropped three miles out in the North Sea off Mundesley, put off at the end of Cromer Pier, and even taken to a favourite seal haunt at Blakeney Point, twenty-seven miles from Mundesley, but every time he found his way back to the Norfolk town. The R.S.P.C.A. is trying to find a place for him in a zoo.

THE WINNER OF THE CLAY PIGEON ASSOCIATION'S TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL OPEN SPORTING CHAMPIONSHIPS OF GREAT BRITAIN: Lord Rupert Nevill, the President of the Association, presenting the *Daily Telegraph* Cup to Mr. J. Wheater, of Hull, who was the highest scorer in the contest, which was held at the West London Shooting Grounds at Northolt. This year there were 150 entries. *On right*—A clay pigeon-eye's view of the contest. This picture was taken from the tower from which the pigeons are shot.

SHOW-JUMPING AT THE WHITE CITY

This Year's International Horse Show in London Provided an Unusual Number of Thrilling Contests

The International Horse Show at the White City is fast becoming a national event, for with the vast audience which television brings with it, a huge and entirely new class of spectators has grown up to enjoy the grace, the skill and the thrills of show-jumping. This year's successful meeting lacked nothing in excitement, and some outstanding horses and riders made their mark. The Prince of Wales Cup for team show-jumping was won by Great Britain for the sixth year in succession, but only after triumphing over a great challenge by the German team. The British team looked a little strange without Foxhunter, but such horses as Craven A, Red Admiral and Nizefela proved themselves worthy successors to that veteran. There was compensation for the Germans, however, for on the previous day F. Thiedemann, on Meteor, had beaten A. Oliver, on Red Admiral, for the much-prized King George V Gold Cup in as thrilling a contest as one could wish. It was not until four jumps-off had been completed that the German rider became the winner by the narrowest margin. In the ladies' jumping competition for the Queen Elizabeth Cup, Miss Pat Smythe, on Tosca, was desperately unlucky not to win, but Mlle Bonnaud, of France, on Charleston, gave a magnificent display. Both horses performed two clear rounds over unusually stiff courses, and went at a fine gallop, but Charleston was just one and one-fifth of a second faster than his rival.

If those were the events that caught the limelight, it must not be forgotten that the White City week is a great time for the meeting of horsemen of all nations—no fewer than ten were represented this year—and of horses of all classes. Hunters and hacks, jobs and ponies, all competed for the various championships, and, together with the colour provided by the hackney classes and the Mounted Band of the Royal Horse Guards, made for a fascinating and entertaining show in which the Queen took a keen personal interest.

THE BRITISH TEAM'S TRIUMPH IN THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP: A. Oliver, on Red Admiral, during a round for the most important international show-jumping cup at the White City, London. In a most thrilling contest the British team just held off a strong German challenge. On the previous evening Oliver and Red Admiral were beaten in another thrilling contest for the King George V Cup.

A FINE WINNING COMBINATION FROM GERMANY: F. Thiedemann, on Meteor, receiving the *Country Life* Cup from Sir Frank Newnes. On the same day Thiedemann and Meteor won the most coveted trophy of the meeting, the King George V Gold Cup. Meteor had a tremendous tussle with Red Admiral (A. Oliver), and it required four jumps-off before he was eventually declared the winner.

OVER AND DOWN: A startling picture from the International Horse Show. Miss Susan Whitehead is seen being thrown by her mount, Blue Cat, during the Tally Ho! Stakes National Jumping Competition, held under International rules.

AN OUTSTANDING HORSEWOMAN FROM CANADA: Miss Shirley Thomas taking a jump on Revlon's Princess Midas in the Mr. Jorrocks Stakes. Miss Thomas was remembered for her brilliant jumping in the United States and Canada last autumn.

CLOSE RIVALS FOR THE CHIEF LADIES' EVENT: *On left*—Mlle J. Bonnaud and Charleston, winners of the Queen Elizabeth Cup. *On right*—The well-known combination of Miss Pat Smythe and Tosca, which was only narrowly defeated by the French rider and horse. Both Charleston and Tosca completed fault-free rounds in the jump-off, which Charleston completed in one and one-fifth of a second better time. Mlle Bonnaud and Charleston also won the Ladies' Debutante Competition on the first day.

A CONSISTENTLY GOOD JUMPER AT THE WHITE CITY : Craven A, ridden by Mr. P. M. Robeson, jumping in the Selby Cup Competition. Craven A came third, after a jump-off, in the *Horse and Hound* Cup ; just missed joining the last three in the jump-off for the King's Cup ; jumped a faultless second round for the winning British team in the Prince of Wales Cup ; and won the *puissance* jumping competition. Finally, she won the *Daily Mail* Cup for prize-winners in the International Classes.

DURING THE CONTEST FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP : W. H. White, of the Great Britain team, taking the water jump on Nizefela. After completing a faultless first round, it was at this jump that Nizefela had four faults in the second round. However, despite further faults, the British narrowly defeated the German team.

IN THE FOR[illegible] CHAMPIONSHIPS : The winners of the pairs class of children's ponies, brother and sister, Charles and Jenny Bullen. They are seen riding Criban Bumble and Poppa Piccolino respectively, two bays belonging to their father.

WINNER OF THE CHAMPION HARNESS PONY STAKES AFTER A HARD CONTEST : Lady Coleman presenting the cup to Mrs. Frank Haydon after Oakwell Sir James, belonging to Miss M. P. James, had won the stakes. Miss Alexander's Faygate Nimrod was reserve.

ALL-OUT EFFORT : Puffing out her cheeks, Miss Jabeena Maslin takes Lundy over a jump during the preliminary qualifying competition for the Juvenile Championships on the first day of the White City Show.

A TRIED AND TRUSTY TEAM : Lieut.-Colonel H. Llewellyn taking Foxhunter over a jump in the Mr. Jorrocks Stakes. The old champion showed much of his old confidence during the week's show-jumping.

WINNERS OF THE WINSTON CHURCHILL CHALLENGE CUP: Mr. Haldin's middleweight hunter, Earmark, ridden by the elegant Count Robert Orssich, won the cup which goes to the supreme champion riding horse.

THE COWLEY MAKES A COMEBACK

The Nuffield Organisation Announce the New Morris Cowley—the First Car to Bear this Name for Twenty Years

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

IT 'S good to see the old car names come back. They revive nostalgic memories of the days when motoring really *was* motoring.

The latest example is the Morris Cowley. It is twenty years since Morris Motors produced a model with this historic name, and thirty-one years have elapsed since the first bull-nosed Cowley appeared on the roads of Britain.

Automobile design has taken a few strides forward since those days, and apart from the engine being at the front and transmitting its power to the back axle through a cumbersome propeller shaft, there is really little in common, mechanically, between the first Cowley and the latest.

Since 1923 our car designers have made commonplace such refinements as hydraulically-operated four-wheel brakes, synchromesh gear-boxes, hypoid bevel rear axles, independent front suspension and steering-column gear-change levers.

The new Cowley is really a cheaper edition of the new and much-improved Oxford, announced a few months ago. Although the same engine block is used, the four cylinders are of smaller diameter, giving a cubic capacity of 1,200 cc., compared with the Oxford's 1,489 cc.

You cannot open the quarter lights as you can on the Oxford, there is less chromium and the upholstery and floor coverings are of a cheaper material. It costs £42 10s. less—£702 7s. 6d., including £207 7s. 6d. tax.

With the score standing at one-all in the great dual between Italy's Ferrari racing cars and Germany's new Mercedes-Benz there is tremendous interest in to-morrow's third meeting between the two teams in the European Grand Prix at the famous Rhineland racing circuit at Nurburgring, near Koblenz.

After an absence of sixteen years the Mercedes team returned to Grand Prix racing in the French Grand Prix at Reims early last month. The streamlined, 2½-litre cars were, so to speak, tailor-made for the fast French circuit, and they gained an impressive victory at 115.67 m.p.h.

Juan Fangio, of the Argentine, drove the winning car, and Karl Kling was second in another Mercedes. With their wheels enclosed by a wind-cheating body which made them look more like sports cars than Grand Prix models, Germany's "silver arrows" had things all their own way. They set such a cracking pace that the Ferraris, Maseratis and Gordinis, driven by some of the world's finest drivers, dropped out one by one.

Then came the British Grand Prix at Silverstone—and revenge for the Ferrari team. They hammered the two Mercedes cars into fourth and seventh places. Froilan Gonzales got home first with an average speed of 89.69 m.p.h. for the 270 miles, and Britain's Mike Hawthorn was second in another Ferrari.

The Germans found that the many-cornered Silverstone circuit of less than three miles was a very different proposition from the five-miles long Reims racing track, which has many long and very fast straight stretches.

Even Fangio, a former world champion, had difficulty with his Mercedes on corners. From his low-sitting position and with his wheels covered in, he was often unable to find an accurate line on bends and corners. Several times he ran into track-marking barrels and damaged his front wings.

Dr. Rudolf Ulenhaut, the Mercedes designer, had hoped to have a "Monoposto" version of the Mercedes ready for Silverstone, but there was not enough time. He has planned to have two cars in normal Grand Prix trim ready for to-morrow's Nurburgring battle. There will also be two of the streamlined cars.

Relaxation of the hire purchase restrictions gave a fillip to trading in both new and second-hand cars, and dealers reported a slight hardening of used car prices. It looks as if the trade will still be asking for a deposit of a third or quarter of the purchase price, with repayment over a maximum period of two years.

THE SUCCESSOR TO THE BULL-NOSED COWLEY—THE NEW MORRIS CAR ANNOUNCED RECENTLY: Although it has been described as a cheaper edition of the Morris Oxford Series II, the new Morris Cowley, seen here, has much to recommend it in both passenger comfort and performance.

One big car auction firm—whose prices are usually a reliable barometer of trade trends—reported a "minor boom" in used cars during June, and that was before the H.P. regulations were revised. Prices hardened considerably, they said, adding: "This state of affairs was closely connected with the current shortage of new cars available for immediate delivery."

This shortage is, of course, not due to any falling off in production. On the contrary. In May an average of 16,130 cars were built in British factories each week—a record weekly rate. No! The shortage is due to the industry's magnificent and continuing export achievements. In May, for instance, we exported 36,459 cars worth £11,700,000—the highest value since January 1952.

Britain did well in the great Alpine Trial, which was tougher than ever this year. Of the eleven Coupes des Alpes, awarded to competitors who finish without penalty, four came to Britain. One was gained by Stirling Moss (Sunbeam Talbot), who also received one of the coveted gold cups, given to drivers who win a silver cup three years running.

Only once before has a gold cup been awarded, and that, too, was won by a Briton: Ian Appleyard, of Leeds, who drove a Jaguar.

Congratulations, too, to Miss Sheila Van Damm, who, in another Sunbeam Talbot Alpine, won the ladies' prize: this is the second year running that she has achieved this.

The team prize was deservedly won by Triumph, for the T.R.2 sports two-seaters performed remarkably well, both on the open road and in the special tests. Don't forget that the T.R.2 is, at £886 10s. (including tax), the world's cheapest 100-m.p.h. car.

The winning Triumph drivers were Gatsonides and Slotemaker, of Holland; Richardson and Heathcote, of Britain, and Kat and Tak, of Holland. Britain rounded off her Alpine successes by winning three classes with a Frazer-Nash (Moore and Gott), Aston-Martin (Burton and Burke) and Jaguar (Haddon and Vivian).

The Standard Motor Company, by the way, have formed a Triumph Sports Owners' Association "to provide information to T.R.2 owners that will enable them to obtain the maximum enjoyment and the best possible results from their cars."

The Club's first move is to issue a booklet containing advice on how to prepare for competitions, information about the T.R.2 speed test in Belgium, details of the big Triumph success in this year's R.A.C. Rally, and much technical data.

As to when T.R.2 modifications are decided upon, Standard will send full details to members of the Club to put in their little book.

This seems the right moment to mention the Doretti, which is based on the Triumph T.R.2. Produced by the Swallow Coachbuilding Company, of Walsall, and formerly of Blackpool, the Doretti can be regarded as a de luxe version of the T.R.2. It costs £1,101 17s., including £324 17s. tax—and the makers have just announced that increasing production has made it possible to sell on the home market. Initially, it was an export-only product.

The Swallow Company, famous for its sidecars, have named their first sports car after the daughter of their U.S. distributor. In doing so they followed the famous example of Karl Benz, who named his car after his daughter Mercedes.

Another new sports model recently announced is the Frazer Nash Sebring, a development of their Mark 2 Competition model. Its price is the same: £3,188 including £938 12s. tax. It 's hard to thought that with the tax man alone you could buy—including tax—an Austin Hereford, a Ford Zephyr, or a Wolseley 4—44!

Two lightweight economy car projects which have recently been announced are the Rodley, which is offered at £299 6s. (including tax), and a car bearing some resemblance to the Rodley, which has been evolved by ex-aircraft designer Richard Christoforides, of London, to sell for £297 10s., tax included. Both are rear-engined, four-wheel saloons.

THE SLEEK LINES OF THE NEW COWLEY: Apart from the fact that there is slightly less chrome, the Cowley has much the same external appearance as the Oxford.

The Rodley, designed by Mr. Henry Brown, of Horsforth, Yorkshire, is in limited production. It is powered by a 1,000-cc. twin-cylinder J.A.P. four-stroke engine, cruises at 45-50 m.p.h., and does over 50 miles to the gallon.

Mr. Christoforides' car is not yet in production, but the prototype uses an Excelsior Talisman twin-cylinder engine of 250-cc., which he claims gives a top speed of over 50 m.p.h. and a consumption of over 60 m.p.g.

The Dunlop Company have announced that since the tubeless tyre was introduced last year it has been run for 8,250,000 test miles in Great Britain without one complete blow-out. They say the tests have proved that it holds air 100 per cent. more effectively than the ordinary tyre. It has, therefore, been put into quantity production at Fort Dunlop, and, as Lord Baillieu announced at the annual general meeting, will now be more freely available.

The R.A.C. report with pride that during the past six months they have investigated 344 complaints of bad road conditions, and that what they are pleased to call "remedial action" has been taken or promised in more than three-quarters of the cases taken up with the highway authorities concerned.

VETERAN CARS ON PARADE—THE CONCOURS D'ÉLÉGANCE AT CHELTENHAM: Leading this procession of cars is a De Dion Bouton, built in 1902 and owned by Mr. J. Webb. Next is a Panhard of 1903, owned by Mr. A. Prince, and behind that a White Steam Car of 1903, driven by D. G. Blackford. The cars are passing the judges' box at the Town Hall, before a tour of the hills around Cheltenham.

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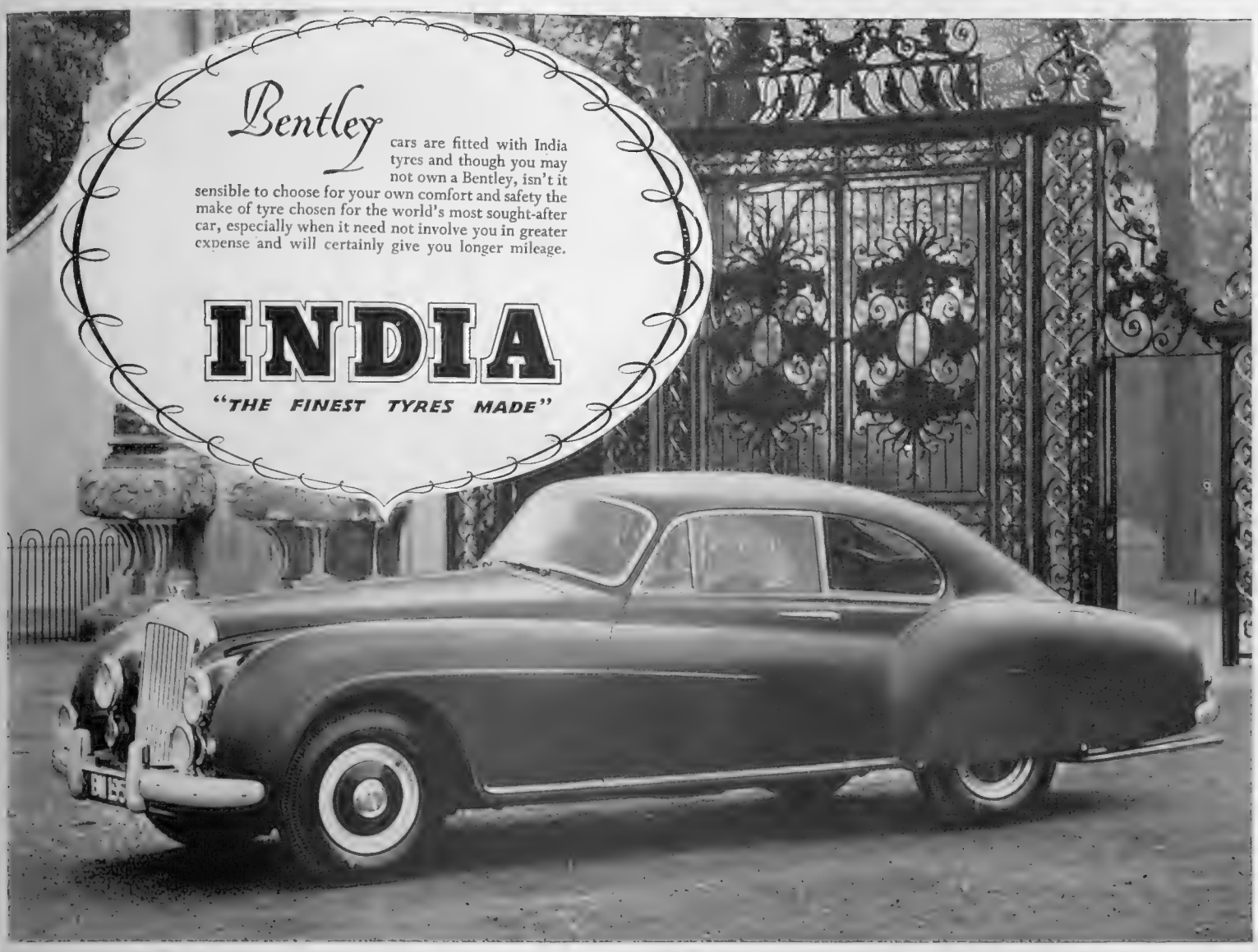

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These South African people certainly keep on improving their wines—especially their sherry. It's a credit to them.

That's what comes of selecting and maturing and waiting and keeping on doing that, and the longer it goes on the better the quality becomes.

I must say this is one of the finest Sherries I've ever tasted.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SUMMER WANDERLUST

Three Travel Books Out of the Ordinary Show that Women Still Make Excellent Observers, and that Men Remain Supreme Raconteurs

HOLIDAYS and travel are indissolubly linked in the minds of many English people, to whom the "getting-away-from-it-all" gambit is usually expressed in practical terms of trains, cars, boats and buses, rather than in any excursions of the intellect. Curling up with a good book is, in fact, all very well in its way but how much more effective and relaxing if done by an Italian lakeside or a French *plage*. Miss Elizabeth Nicholas holds the admirable—and experienced—view that there are few months of the year when it is not enjoyable to take a holiday somewhere in Europe or, indeed, in England, and THE TRAVELLER'S YEAR (Evans. 12s. 6d.) is her own guide to likely places in lovely seasons.

Miss Nicholas writes of what she knows in these pages, and the reader and potential traveller will find that her advice is sound, her focus on the objectives of money, time and trouble very clear, and her personal likes and dislikes expressed with just enough force to give the book a properly individual flavour. For the first part of the book the author takes the months, chapter by chapter, suggesting places that she has known and liked at these seasons, giving names, addresses, prices and anecdotes and ending each section with the almost literal *bonne bouche* of an unusual local recipe.

Then, taking thirteen European countries in turn, Miss Nicholas has made a series of suggestions in each case of Where to Go When, beginning her list with *The Year in France* and the observation, which could be echoed, that "The whole of France is my happiness, any month, anywhere; for me, it is outside my own land, the loveliest place on earth."

Finally, there is a batch of brief but highly informative sections on such essential subjects as tipping, hitch-hiking, saving weight, visiting Paris (in which connection the writer sensibly keeps quiet about Napoleon's tomb and tells one instead how to telephone from a café with *jetons*), and so on. All in all, a well-planned, helpful, encouraging book.

What wonderful travellers women can be. And, on grateful reflection, what writers. Mrs. Edith Templeton, for instance, has written a book about her visits last spring to a number of Italian towns, Parma, Mantua and Arezzo among them, and it is a pure delight. It is a book which may teach you a great deal about painting and architecture and local lore, but it will also teach you about the author herself, and to me it was equally fascinating to be given a revelation of this personality, by the wit, by the zest and the erudition, and by the happy turn of phrase, so right that it seemed inevitable. Most people, especially, of course, in conversation, use words loosely, not searching very far but taking the expression that is nearest at hand and most familiar, like an old woolly dressing-gown that may not be smart or original but is as adequate a covering for the body as the well-used words for the thought.

In her writing Mrs. Templeton does not belong to this vast number, and I feel convinced, on the grounds of this book alone, that in her conversation it must be the same. THE SURPRISE OF CREMONA (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is, to categorize it, a travel book, but it is also a work of real originality, and that is not a word to be lightly used. It is sometimes held that a woman's curiosity stops short of the intellectual and is bounded by the meagrely personal. Not so with this writer, whose curiosity appears to be boundless, about people certainly, though they may be dead or alive, obscure or famous, and about buildings, ways of life, odd incidents, dogs, painters' influences, or poets' love-letters. She really wants to know, and such is her acuteness and her apprehension that, in many cases, she finds out.

Typically she writes of Dante: "People always talk about his love for Beatrice, and nobody ever thinks what Mrs. Dante must have felt about it."

While in Ravenna Mrs. Templeton listens to the world's greatest expert on Byzantine mosaics and muses on the ex-chorus girl Empress Theodora, but she also visits the pine woods where Byron rode with his last love; in Urbino, she decides that his fellow townspeople must have been as uncongenial to Raphael in his day as they are to her in the present. And in Cremona she tells some very funny stories about her own youth and speculates on the social habits of the Italian *bourgeois*, on Virgil, who had so many ties with the town, on music, on Pontius Pilate, and on a projected plan for an "anti-guide book, in the same spirit as the medieval Popes set up anti-Emperors when the actual Emperor did not please them." The book is endlessly quotable, but it should be enjoyed as a civilized, witty and impressive whole, and it is as such that I recommend it to you.

Mrs. Templeton was born in Prague, educated in France, and now lives in England which, inexplicably, makes her a very good person to write about Italy. Mr. Sven Auren is a Swedish journalist who spent much of the war in London and is now Paris correspondent for the *Svenska Dagbladet*, which should make him equally competent to write, not about Stockholm but about Paris. His collection of sketches, CAFE SELECT (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.), has, nevertheless, a different savour; the distinction between the cosmopolitan and the national approach, perhaps, because, in spite of his appreciative regard for Paris it is impossible to forget—and indeed why should one?—that Mr. Auren writes as a Swedish admirer of things French.

One of his own best anecdotes is an illustration of this. It concerns nationalism as revealed in funny stories: it is good, and it is also unanswerable. But the fact that he is a man devoted to an adopted city is evident and rewarding. Mr. Auren makes a newly-opened café in the Place Dauphine the centre for his chapters of reminiscence, and for his lively tales of life in Paris and the provinces as he has known it. One of his principal characters is an English expatriate who could only exist contentedly in Paris, in spite of near penury, but who nevertheless was nipped back to Birmingham and matrimony by a single-minded schoolteacher. Another is the kindly proprietor of an inn at Chinon, whose main revenue came from the white slave traffic, another is a French kind of Mme. Fixit, the relict of a general, who made her cosy pile from introductions and influence, and another, inevitably, is the author himself: an intelligent, observant man who has been, from his student days, a man more than half in love with France.

CONVERSATION AT A LITERARY LUNCHEON: Air Vice-Marshal the Earl of Bandon (left) is seen chatting with Lord Dunsany at the Foyle's Literary Luncheon, in London, held to mark the publication of Randolph Churchill's book *Fifteen Famous English Homes*.

A BOOK OF BRITISH PROFILES (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) has been compiled by Mr. Sebastian Haffner from published weekly newspaper articles, and it is interesting for at least two reasons: the significance of the subjects of the short biographies, and the composite portrait that the collection gives of the country itself, in its institutions as well as its great figures. There are forty of these sketches.

Some of the pieces may be pedestrian, some inspired, and all are brief. But together they give not only a survey of the changing focus of interest in our country during the past five years (for they were selected from among 250 *Profiles*), but some kind of view of our public men and women—Margot Fonteyn is the representative lady here—and our public traditions. I would say that Mr. Haffner has done his job of choosing discreetly and soundly, and the result is a book to keep, in the hope that, in ten or twenty years' time, children of the present day will turn to these pages for a contemporary opinion, candidly expressed, of the figures of this post-war world.

Sir Harold Scott was Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police from 1945 to 1953, coming to his post at the peak of a post-war crime wave and seeing in office to see it greatly reduced, in spite of the proportions it still has. His book of memoirs, therefore, covering this part of a career spent in public service has an especial interest and so have the unemotional and authoritative opinions contained in it. According to Sir Harold, for instance, it is still "the man on the beat" who is the surest safeguard against crime, and the deficiency in police recruitment that is the danger.

It has been, in fact, largely through Sir Harold's administrative ability, though that fact is not emphasised in this book, that the proportion of recruits was increased, and the necessary reform within the service introduced. In SCOTLAND YARD (André Deutsch. 16s.) the Commissioner writes of these things and of his colleagues within the Yard, the Finger Print Department, the Flying Squad, the Fraud Squad, and the remarkable Special Branch, but the reader can feel that it is the police constable himself, the "soldiers who act alone," for whom the most sincere admiration is reserved.

INVITATION TO TEA (Redman. 12s. 6d.) is the romantic autobiography of an Englishwoman who married her childhood sweetheart and went to live to the tea plantation in Assam where he worked, in the early 'twenties. Till 1942 it is a happy story, in spite of jungle menaces, tigers, pythons and tropical fevers, but after Singapore fell, Monica Lang was obliged to go and eventually reached the United States with her daughter, leaving her husband, who was later killed in an accident. Her story has no literary pretensions, is sometimes laconic and sometimes over-written, but it contains the stuff of truth and is the moving story of a real marriage.

THE LATE SIR HENRY WOOD.

In last week's issue of THE SPHERE *we referred to the author of "The Last Years of Henry J. Wood" as the widow of the late Sir Henry Wood. We are now informed that this statement is inaccurate. We tender our apologies to Lady Muriel Wood.*

"LAURA," THE PRAWNER

A Tale of the Supernatural at Sea

There is something of the eerie quality of the story of the *Marie Celeste*, the great sailing boat which was found within minutes of its total but unexplained abandonment upon the high seas, in Edward Delmar Morgan's strange tale of the *Laura*, a Morecambe Bay prawner. In I BOUGHT A PRAWNING BOAT (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.), the author lifts the curtain on the *Laura's* turbulent history. It was pure chance that revealed to him this story of the boat's past, of the Morecambe brothers who quarrelled over love and money and of the dramatic climax in the Irish Sea when their two boats met in a collision which, but for the hate between the rival brothers, might have been avoided. It was a no less remarkable chance that some years later, *Laura* should have been found drifting idly in a Channel fog with her skipper lying in the scuppers, injured and unconscious, that the deck hand of the craft that found her should transfer to the *Laura*, only to lose contact with his own ship. That deck hand's name was Evan Owen, and it was he who took the *Laura* safely to Ile de Bas, where the skipper went into hospital, telling him later the tale of his vision, of guardian hands upon the tiller, hands which, it seems, were linked with both past and future owners of the *Laura*. This aura of the supernatural, which the skipper briefly called the power of good, dominates Mr. Delmar Morgan's book, which is marked by a fine delicacy of touch, which the theme, of course, demands. Mr. Delmar Morgan is indeed a most skilled writer and, into the bargain, a dexterous and exuberant sailing man. His early sea training was in power, but later he changed to sail and he has quite evidently never had a dull moment since.

Any portrait of a great living figure upon the world's stage is almost certain to lack the essentials of great biography. Constantine Prince of Bavaria, in his portrait of THE POPE (Allan Wingate. 21s.), has written a most enthralling treatise on the relationship of the Vatican to the history of our times, revealing expert knowledge of the diplomatic manœuvres which preceded Italy's exit from the war and Germany's final defeat. It is true he has made the Pope the focal point of the story, and he tells many engaging anecdotes about His Holiness, but that is about the sum total of his biographical achievement. The author is a member of the Wittelsbach family and is the eldest son of Adalbert Prince of Bavaria, the historian and one-time German Ambassador to Madrid. He is related both to the Habsburgs and the Bourbons, and is rapidly gaining a European-wide reputation as a political journalist.

Lady Beveridge makes a real contribution to the history of social development in our times with her volume, BEVERIDGE AND HIS PLAN (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.). The author has not the patience of her husband under the bitterness of political frustration, and she must have found it as hard as her husband to bear the political dismemberment which was the plan's fate in Parliament. For these reasons her book has a fighting quality about it which will delight readers. Sir William Beveridge has had many men and women up and down the land to champion his cause, but beyond doubt his greatest and most full-blooded supporter has been in his own home.

"Like a vast stranded galleon sinking into the mud and ooze of the lagoon she is vanishing from our earth in the sea distance and the lapsing tides." With this rather depressing but sadly true reflection Edward Hutton introduces his new and revised edition of his book VENICE AND VENETIA (Hollis and Carter. 21s.), which now appears at a rather opportune moment when, in late summer, so many Britons are on their way to, or contemplating a journey to, this delectable spot. Edward Hutton is a skilful guide, for he carries his learning lightly, and in these pages he brings together the past glories of the City State and its present delights, weaving them into a well-sustained narrative of nearly 300 pages.

The publishing firm of Robert Hale is playing a great part with its many and various publications in spreading knowledge of the topography of modern England. The latest addition to that fine series, *The Regional Books*, is Desmond Hawkins' SEDGEMOOR AND AVALON (Robert Hale. 18s.), which deals with the lowland plain of Central Somerset, couched between the Mendips and the Quantocks. It was at Glastonbury that the first Christian altar was raised in England and in the marshes of Athelney that Alfred rallied the men of Wessex against a pagan conqueror. Desmond Hawkins conjures up the unique character of this area, for he is an accomplished and lively writer whose heart is clearly set in the West Country.

Also from the West Country comes D. St. Leger Gordon's UNDER DARTMOOR HILLS (Robert Hale. 16s.), a most engaging account of this area which has been designated as one of England's great new playgrounds. Dartmoor and its immediate surroundings have been declared a National Park to preserve its ancient character, and the author, who has himself long known the moorland villages, sets out to describe just what that character has been, and what remains of it.

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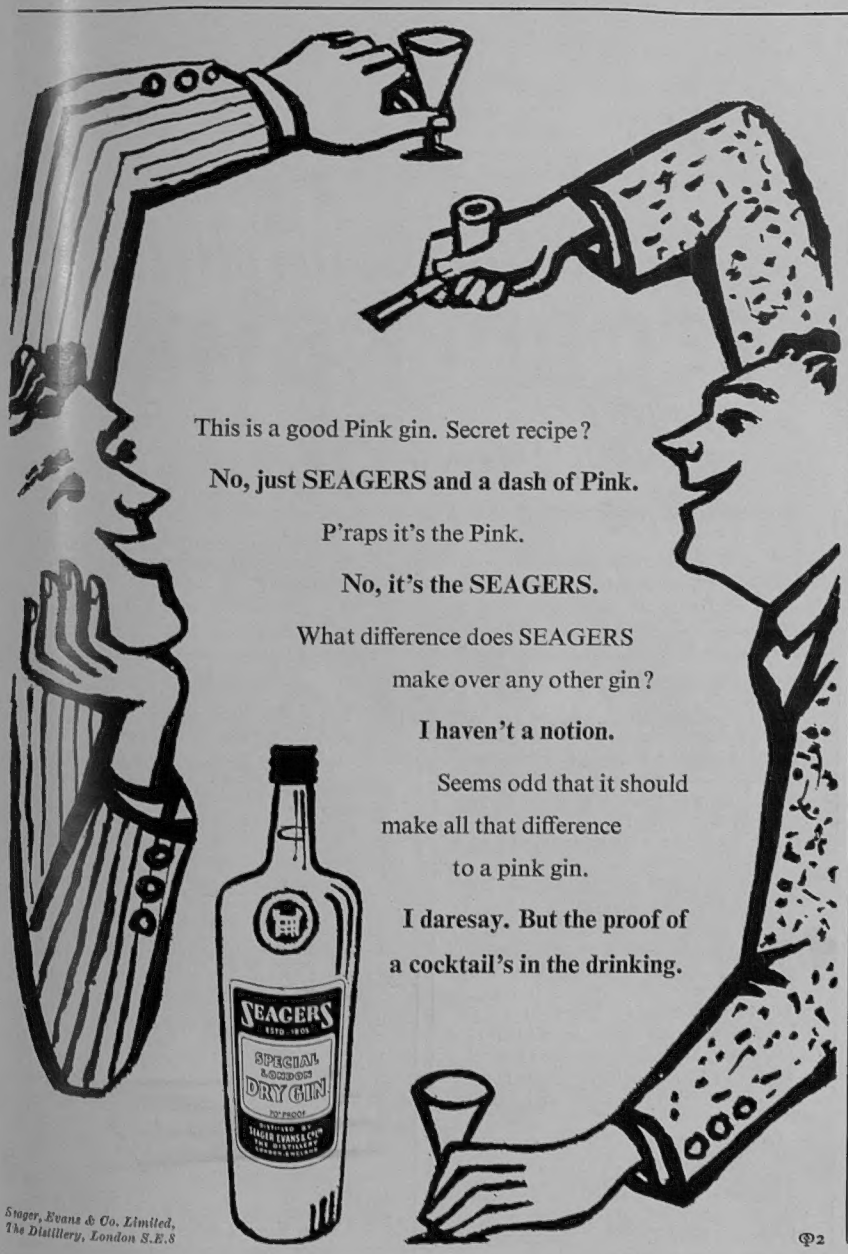

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No, just SEAGERS and a dash of Pink.

P'raps it's the Pink.

No, it's the SEAGERS.

What difference does SEAGERS make over any other gin?

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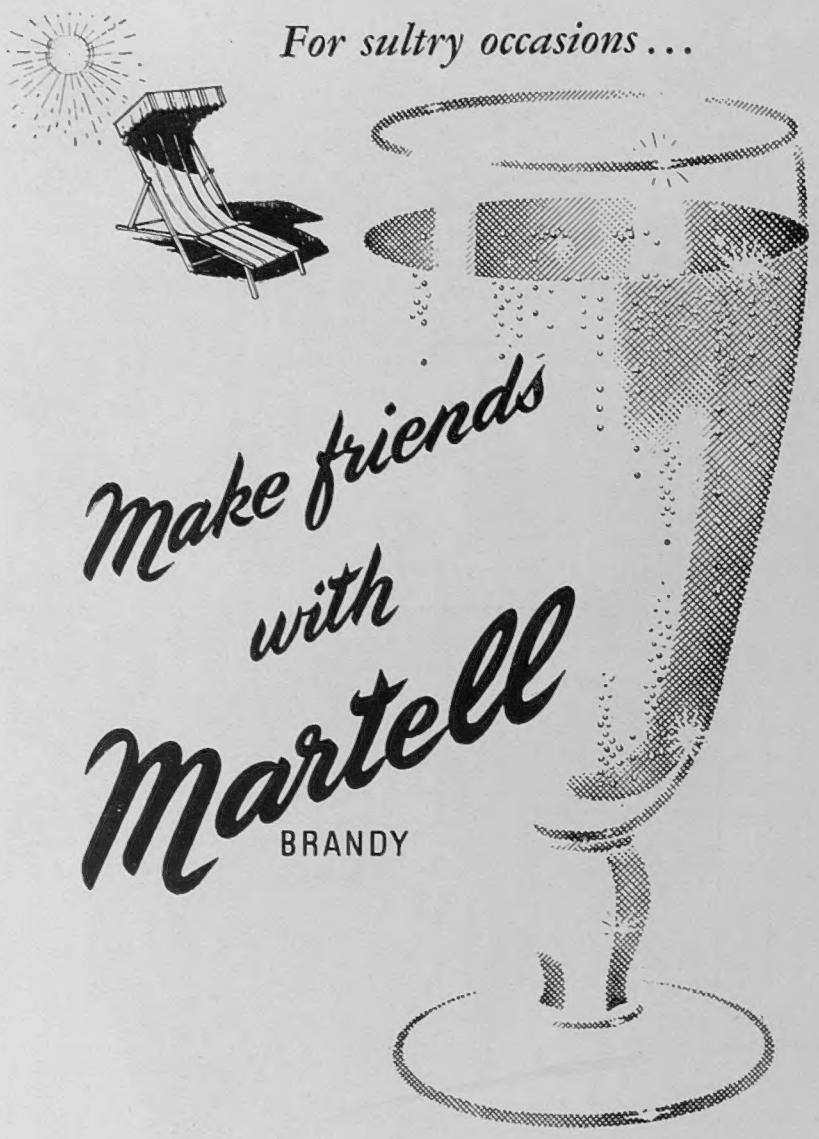

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An 80th year tribute to Winston Churchill

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Winston Churchill

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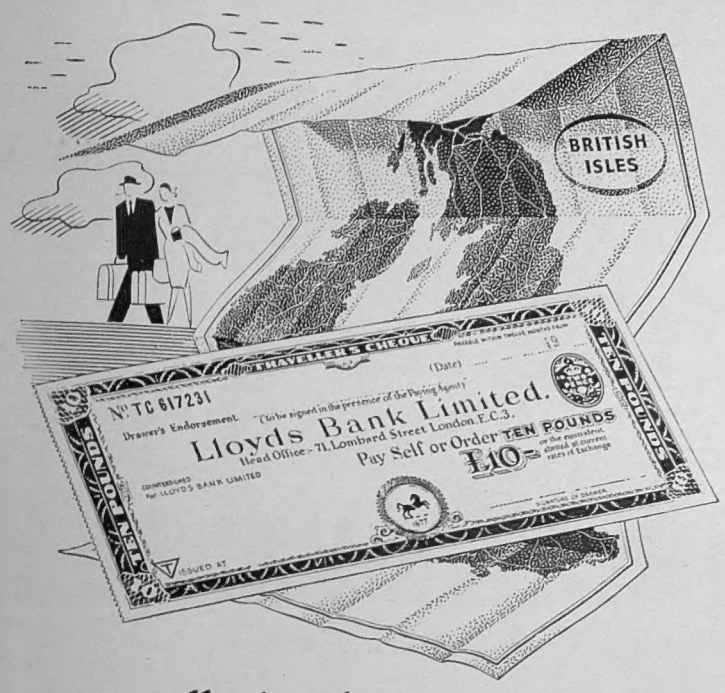

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